

FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1919

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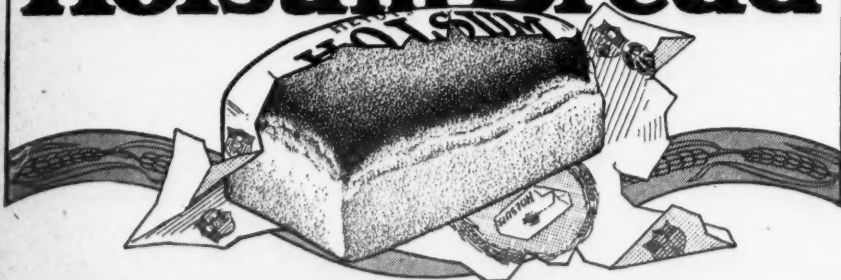


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New Books Received

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BECKONING ROADS by Jeanne Hudson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.

A novel about a young woman who thought she knew all about men. It ranges from Western Canada to high life in the social whirl of New York City.

THE SEE-SAW by Sophie Kerr. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.

A novel of married life, in which the woman, after many concessions, comes to rebellion and the man is brought up with a short turn. A contribution to the social problem.

CAROLYN OF THE SUNNY HEART by Ruth Belmore Endicott. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.

A novel of life in New York and at Block Island. A mystery story with an optimistic culmination.

ALSACE-LORRAINE SINCE 1870 by Barry Cerf. New York: Macmillan Co., \$1.50.

The evidence in the case is drawn largely from German sources. The whole story from 1871 to the Zabern affair. Statistical information concerning the ruthless exploitation of Alsatian resources by the conqueror. The author is connected with the University of Wisconsin.

THE RIDDLE OF THE PURPLE EMPEROR by Thomas W. and Mary E. Hanshaw. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.

The most baffling case yet undertaken by Cleek, "the master detective." The disappearance of the Cheyne jewels. Uncanny murder mysteries growing out of the jewel which gives its name to the book.

THE EMBLEMS OF FIDELITY by James Lane Allen. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.25.

A comedy in letters in the inimitable style of the prose-poet and humorist of Kentucky. The emblems of fidelity are ferns. An American tries to find a particular species indigenous to Kentucky. Quaint and whimsical situations entertainingly developed.

VOLLEYS FROM A NON-COMBATANT by William Roscoe Thayer. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., \$2.

A volume of papers by the biographer of Cavour and John Hay. Criticism of international topics during the past four years. A comparison of Napoleon III and William II. An appreciation of Italy's service in the war. Causes of the collapse in Russia and the rise of the Bolsheviks. A war book of genuine importance.

THE UNTAMED by Max Brand. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.50.

A western story about Whistling Dan, the big black stallion Satan and the wolf-devildog and, of course, a girl. A story with poetry in it.

FULL SPEED AHEAD by Henry B. Beston. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.

A picture of navy life as it was lived in the war zone. The author, with the permission of the navy department, visited the naval bases in Europe, went to sea in destroyers and submarines and served on the sea patrol.

AN AMERICAN POILU. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., \$1.35.

Letters of unusual quality by an American soldier in the French army. His name is not given, but he received the Croix de Guerre in June, 1918, and was wounded at Chateau-Thierry. The letters are written to his mother and sister.

TAXATION OF MINES IN MONTANA by Louis Levine. New York: E. W. Huesch, \$1.

This is the report made by the professor of economics in the State University of Montana after his examination into the operation of the mining laws and the mines in that commonwealth. The owners of the Anaconda property didn't like Mr. Levine's conclusions and Mr. Levine lost his job at the university. He went to Columbia University, New York, and is now said to have lost his job there. A reading of this book will show why.

BOOKS! BOOKS! BOOKS!

Write today for catalogue

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212 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

THE BELOVED SINNER by Rachel Sweet Macnamara. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.65.

The story of a sin and misunderstanding which finally works out through courage and devotion to a happy ending.

THE FIRE BRAND OF BOLSHIEVISM by Princess Catherine Radziwill. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co., \$2.

How the German Secret Service contrived the succession of events which put Russia out of the war. The author follows the story down to the treaty of Brest-Litovsk. Startling revelations of relations between Kerensky and Lenin, both of whom she knew personally. A spirited recital based on knowledge but with no little bias against the revolution.

GREEN VALLEY by Katherine Reynolds. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., \$1.50.

The chronicle of a quiet country town which, nevertheless, contains within itself all the elements, whether of happiness or misery, that are to be found in larger communities. A group of well-delineated characters.

THE WOMEN WHO MAKE OUR NOVELS by Grant M. Overton. New York: Moffatt, Yard & Co., \$1.

A series of pleasing studies of thirty-two women writers. The list is as follows: Edith Wharton, Alice Brown, Ellen Glasgow, Gertrude Atherton, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Kathleen Norris, Margaret Deland, Gene Stratton-Porter, Eleanore R. Porter, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary Johnston, Corra Harris, Mary Austin, Mary S. Watts, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Anna Katherine Green, Helen R. Martin, Sophie Kerr, Marjorie Benton Cooke, Grace S. Richmond, Willa Sibert Cather, Clara Louise Burnham, Demetra Vela, Edna Ferber, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Amelia E. Barr, Alice Hegan Rice, Alice Duer Miller, Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, Harriet T. Comstock, Honore Willsie and Francis Hodgson Burnett.

OUR POETS OF TODAY by Howard Willard Cooke. New York: Moffatt, Yard & Co., \$1.50.

A volume in the modern American writers' series with an introduction by Percy MacKaye. It is concerned with the distinguishing characteristics of the writers, rather than with critical consideration of them. There are sixty-eight biographical sketches, with brief quotations from the authors considered. The authors are arranged in group chapters. Even the popular so-called newspaper poets are included. It is interesting to find that John McCrae is in the list and likewise Ezra Pound, who is an American, though long resident in England. The only important American poet who is not included is Zoe Akins of St. Louis, an omission which is surprising considering the high quality of that young woman's work.

THE BRITISH REVOLUTION AND THE AMERICAN DEMOCRACY by Norman Angell. New York: B. W. Huesch, \$1.50.

A most interesting and informative book which sets forth a prospectus of democracy as a result of the war. Mr. Angell sees the situation as being largely taken over and shaped in accordance with the principles of the British labor party. He sees the downfall of Lloyd George, sooner or later. The premier will be turned down by both Labor and the Tory "gang." Reconstruction considered without even much terror of "direct action." The future of the state viewed with a rather startling vision.

SONGS OF THE SERVICES by Will Stokes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co., \$1.50.

The author was chief yeoman in the United States Navy and his songs are those of the men of the land and sea forces. Good, ringing verse of red-blooded men inspired by patriotism.

MERE MELODIES by Edwin Meade Robinson. Philadelphia: David MacKay, \$1.25.

These are the singings of "Ted" Robinson, one of the country's best-known "collymbists," whose work on the Cleveland Plain Dealer has given him a national reputation. The quality of these poems is far and away above that ordinarily found in purely occasional verse.

REEDY'S MIRROR

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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The Peace Pact

By William Marion Reedy

DENUNCIATION of the League of Nations is still somewhat vociferous in this country, but the preponderating public opinion is in favor of the covenant. Everybody except the Republican politicians and the Missouri Democrat, Senator Reed, realizes that the way to try for peace by international agreement is to try for it. The President has tried and has got something that promises at the least to postpone resort to war pending discussion and adjudication of acute issues between nations. The great powers in conference agree to arbitration, and propose a plan to enforce the arbitral decisions. That is an advance towards peace. So far as concerns our commitment to bellicose undertakings at the behest of our co-signatories, that is a fanciful objection to the covenant. The country is not committed to war upon any determination of anybody save our own congress. The Monroe Doctrine is safe. That is a policy which may be regarded as being in fact a domestic one. It is accepted as being a principle of our government and the league covenant, if it means anything, means that the League as a whole is bound to support us against any European power that may meddle with affairs on this continent. Without doubt, however, if we should use the Monroe Doctrine as a cloak for aggression or conquest upon our neighbors, the League could be called upon to protect the victim or victims of our tyranny. This is as it should be. This country should not be above the new international law. The covenant stands unshattered by the assaults made upon it.

That the pact will surely prevent war for all time may be doubted. I don't think the world will ever be free of war so long as the nations maintain tariffs against each other. I doubt if the League mechanism will invariably work as surely for peace as would an arrangement that would provide for a participation by peoples in the League's legislation and adjustments. The peace pact should be one of peoples rather than of governments, and the plan under discussion is far from being that now. Governments tend to be swayed and controlled by special interests. An international executive council for peace controlled by the people would have a check upon the interests that foster war. It is likely too that there may be war in future with Japan if the signatory white nations insist upon the exclusion of Asiatics from citizenship. If we admit any other people to citizenship and exclude the Orientals, we shall invite war. We may say that regulation of the terms of admission to citizenship is an internal, domestic affair, but that will not be a satisfactory answer to Japan at some time when Japan shall have organized an Asiatic hegemony of which she shall be the brain and force and dominating spirit.

But popular control of the League of the Nations, the institution of universal free trade, and the admission of Asiatics to citizenship in Caucasian countries cannot be had now. The powers participant in the proposed covenant have agreed upon those things upon which they can agree and left untouched those differences of policy which are not reconcilable. They will go along together in amity as far as and as long as they can, and the longer and farther they go, the less likelihood will there be of their coming to blows. They are emphasizing their agreements and keeping their differences in the background. This makes for a progress in understanding that will tend to make the differences more adjustable as time passes. The covenant makes the League

something that will grow and develop in accordance with its informing spirit, which is a desire and an effort for continuously more agreement. This growth of agreement will be hastened by admitting the nations neutral in the great war to more participation in the League. They would be a useful check upon possible intrigues of ambition among the greater powers.

The League of Nations will be more acceptable to dissidents in all countries when Germany shall have been given her peace terms. Those terms will let her know how she can come into the society of nations. Terms that will inevitably keep her out of the League will not promote universal peace. She must be taken in when she has conformed to the demands of her enemies that she set up a responsible representative government. And it will be folly to crush her by indemnities she cannot pay, or by commercial restrictions that will prevent the production only by means of which she can pay. If she be left out, she will always be a potential fomentor of trouble among the nations that are in. Her inclusion will be one of the best guarantees of peace by agreement. And it is right that when Germany is handed the terms she will have to meet in payment for her crimes, she should receive the constitution of the League as showing her that her safety is within rather than without the fold. With Heligoland dismantled, and the Kiel canal and the Rhine waterway internationalized, Germany will no longer be a sea menace to the world. Meeting the peace terms will be the easier for her and her future will be the brighter the sooner she qualifies for admission to the League.

All things work towards an early conclusion of the peace deliberations. The more the League pact is assailed in this country, the more certain it is that our people will see that the case against it—and it is all in the orations of Senator Reed—is based upon misrepresentation of its provisions. This country abdicates no sovereignty. It commits itself to nothing that is in violation of our own constitution. The country's delegates and members of the executive council are responsible to the country and can act only upon the country's mandate. Our Monroe Doctrine is extended to cover all the nations—it protects the territorial integrity of all nations. We relinquish no power to proclaim war. We are bound to accept no mandate but our own as to anything. We cannot be outvoted in the executive council because its orders to be binding must be unanimous. Our membership in the council or on the other delegation can veto any action proposed. And as for handing over our workers in bondage to European labor, that is absurd, for the labor section of the covenant binds all the nations to maintain fair and humane conditions of labor in their own territories and in all countries with which they have commercial dealings. That is a vast step toward labor internationalism. In short, everything that Senator Reed and other opponents of the League assert as to our commitment is untrue. We cannot but believe the people of the United States will see this misrepresentation and falsification and rebuke it. If they do not, the League will be wrecked. It depends more upon us for its life and functioning than upon any other nation. If we hold off from the League there will be no hope of keeping the European nations in agreement. By our holding out we shall invite European war against ourselves. Our recession from the pact will be a declaration that we prefer the likelihood of war to the possibility of peace. This the people of this country will not stand for. They will compel the Senate to accept the League covenant. And even if the Senate should reject the

treaty, it could not negotiate a new one. Only the President can do that. Such action would leave this country at war technically, and all the other late belligerents at peace. This would bring down upon us the hatred of all the peoples of the world who now revere us for quickening their hope that through our influence and by means of our power for righteousness, the age-old terror and torture of war would pass away.

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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Poor Chance for the Brewers

THE brewers may be "standing on their constitutional rights" in deciding to brew beer of a higher alcoholic percentage than the government regulations permit under the war-time prohibition act, but the chances are they will lose their contention. The government has all conceivable regulative power over the liquor industry, since that industry's status is that of a privilege, not a business. The determination of permissible alcoholic content in brewed beverages is at the government's discretion. If the brewers lose their case, and indeed, if they win it, they will only the more intensify and solidify the prohibition sentiment. The anti-prohibition sentiment in this country is not based on sympathy for the liquor interests, but upon regard for personal liberty. The fight against prohibition would be better conducted with the liquor interests out of it, if such a thing were possible.

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The Problem at Home

WHAT is being done to put our merchant shipping to use? Nothing. What is being done to keep the railroads solvent, to help them pay for supplies, to enable them to give better service? Nothing. What is being done to better the service of mails, telegraphs, telephones and expressage—all exasperatingly rotten? Nothing. What is being done to put the returned soldiers and sailors to work? Nothing, and worse than nothing, for the government employment bureau has to shut down for lack of funds. What is being done to get the soldiers on the land? Nothing, and worse than nothing, for the Interior Department has to let out employes because there are no funds. What did the conference of governors and mayors do to speed up production? Nothing but wrangle—oh yes, it declared for financial aid to some public utilities. The country's business with the harness off is running wild and not pulling anything. The one thing the whole world and this country as much as any needs, is increased production of wealth. That is the one thing that will prevent the spread of Bolshevism. The one thing that will make the peace league most acceptable would be some evidence that this country knows how to get business going to repair the ravages of war. The government at Washington is paralyzed. It has no head and very little heart for its work. The Senate sulks in adjournment. The President is away framing the peace league plan. Manufacturers, shippers, employers generally are "up in the air." And the workers are either fearing the loss of their jobs or the reduction of their pay. Clearly the condition does not promise a return to normal very soon. The worst thing about it is the offishness between workers and employers. They seem ready to "start something," but not business. This delays resumption of industry and it promotes discontent. Over in England the government calls workers and employers together and tells them to agree on a way of getting along, else there will be the worst of hard times for everybody. Here no such thing has been thought of. Most of us think of the situation as one to be relieved by getting the idle to work on government projects. The chief problem is to get capital and labor into an understanding or a working agreement as to wages, shop conditions, sharing in management and profit, workmen's insurance. It is the prospect of trouble over all these and other

matters that keeps industry backward. Thousands of employers would start up their works if only they had an idea of what they could expect of permanency in business. If the employers and workers would meet in conference and fix up a treaty for a few years, business would soon begin to hum and the treaty would be extended at its expiration. The calling of such a conference, the signing of such an industrial truce, should not wait on the President's return from Europe. The gathering would relieve the strain. Business would learn that it will have to meet a new concept of labor and of economic rights and it would make concessions before a fight rather than after it. If the fight comes, it may be more than a strike—a revolution. Why not avoid it by arranging a truce? This would do more to get us back to the social, industrial and economic normal than anything else. And the government could help mightily if the President would forget his services to the world at large for a little while and concentrate his genius upon the contrivance of a social peace and an enriching productiveness in his own country. The government should pay more attention to this than to keeping espionage offenders in prison and deporting agitators and suppressing papers and magazines. If the government would listen more to a lot of the agitators it is watching and "pinching," it would learn some of the things that must be done before the workers will get back to their old productiveness or the employers can risk large constructive undertakings. The President should get representatives of labor and capital into conference and tell them that they must agree on some policy or all things may go to smash.

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Politics in Our School Board

IT LOOKS as if the politician members of the St. Louis Board of Education in this city made an attempt to get Superintendent Withers to run the schools in the interest of politics rather than in the interest of the pupils. Seven of the members, he says, tried to get him to promote teachers who were friends of theirs or friends of their friends. When he refused, the politicians rebuked him by upholding a school principal in an issue between that principal and the superintendent. The principal had refused to give a graduation diploma to a boy who had written a suggestive rhyme in a girl pupil's memory album. The superintendent ordered that the diploma be given. The principal resigned and the case was taken up by the board, and that body voted to sustain the principal, who was reinstated. The principal seems to have been nearer right than the superintendent, and his vindication was proper, so far as one can make out from the newspaper accounts of the incident, but it would appear that the politicians in the board voted against the superintendent more for what he would not do for them in the way of favoritism than because of an error in judgment. In any event, the superintendent in a public statement, names the men who tried to get him to promote their friends in the teaching corps, and the men accused by him make very ineffective denials. Under the law the superintendent is supreme in the control of the teaching staff. The board practically must do as he wills. The design of the law is thus to keep politics out of appointments and promotions. A new board in part is now to be elected and the Republican machine, in violation of an agreement between the parties to keep politics out of the board, has insisted on naming a Democrat who had tried to work the school superintendent, in place of another Democrat chosen by Democrats in accord with representatives of the Chamber of Commerce. It was with great difficulty that the re-nomination of three of the men who tried to fix their friends on the teachers' list was prevented. The Republicans named one Democrat on their ticket that the Democrats would not re-nominate. This nominee's name is Mr. Murphy. The name of the Democratic nominee whom the Republicans would not accept is Mr. Cullinane. Republicans stand by the practical politician. Mr. Murphy is the only one of the poli-

ticians who tried to force the superintendent who has been re-nominated. The Republican bosses would not heed the independent citizens' organization that recommended Mr. Cullinane. The Democrats accepted one Republican, Dr. Wolfner, president of the board, and the three Democrats chosen by the Chamber of Commerce committee. This situation is not bettered by reason of the fact that there enters into it a religious issue. It has gone abroad, first that the combination of politicians against the superintendent is or was in the Roman Catholic interest, and second that there is a movement to keep Roman Catholics off the board and off the roster of teachers in the schools. Mr. Murphy will be violently opposed and as violently supported on the issue presented, because he is of the Roman Catholic faith, though Mr. Cullinane, whom the Republicans rejected, is also of that communion. Mr. Murphy should certainly be neither elected nor defeated for his religious belief, but as a man who wanted to have a teacher or teachers appointed or promoted on practical political rather than educational grounds, should be scratched.

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A Good Roads Folly

MISSOURI stands a good chance to lose its share of the national government's good roads fund if it will persist in the proposed policy of building cheap dirt roads out of the state funds. The government will not accept such roads as complying with the terms upon which the expenditures of the state will be duplicated by government contributions. Certain counties want to build such roads out of the state's good roads fund and thus evade expenditure of their own funds. They want their roads at the expense of other counties. Already such cheap roads have been built and the money put into them has been wasted. The state now has a law under the operation of which in good faith the federal government's fund can be drawn upon by Missouri to the extent of \$18,000,000. That law requires the expenditure of the state good roads fund upon good roads. The proposal to turn the state fund over to the counties will defeat this purpose. A law to carry out this project will be of questionable validity. The existing Hawes law has been held good. The common sense thing to do is for the state to proceed to build the roads under the Hawes law and to build roads such as the federal government will accept as calling for the turning over to the state of sums equivalent to the state's expenditure. The road projects must be approved by June 30th, 1921, to justify a claim on the federal money. Why waste time, and the state's money and at the same time invite exclusion from a share in the millions to be granted by the national government? Missouri will have no money, no good roads and no part in the federal apportionment if the "patch work" proposal should be carried out at the instigation of counties that want good roads but want other counties to pay for them.

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Handling Rebellion with Gloves

BRITISH authorities are dealing gingerly with the Sinn Feiners. While the Irish republic is organizing, the British government grants amnesty to a large number of Irish political prisoners, some of whom are members of the Sinn Fein parliament. Irish leaders escaped from English jails are located in their hiding places and the soldiers and constabulary are instructed not to molest them. There are troops in Ireland, probably 200,000 of them, but they are conducting themselves with unparalleled forbearance, all things considered. That there is surveillance and some coercion is not to be denied, but upon the whole, the military authorities are exercising commendable restraint, even when the republicans and revolutionaries are doing quite the opposite. It would appear that the British government is determined at all hazards not to make a bad situation, from its standpoint, worse. The military commander in Ireland is insistent upon leniency

rather than rigor in dealing with the patriotic irrec-
oncilables. This indicates that there lurks some-
where a hope and possibly a prospect that some-
thing may be done to bring about an adjustment of
some kind with the Sinn Feiners. To suppress the
newly proclaimed Irish republic by the forces at
hand might be easy, but it would make for trouble
in England. The opposition in England is very
strong. The coalition government is shaky. The
Labor element is restless and discontented and it
sympathizes largely with home rule if not with
absolute independence for Ireland. At the present
juncture there seems to be some feeling that a mid-
dle course may be found to bring about a pacification
in the distressful country. Between extremist Ulster
and extremist Sinn Fein there has arisen the so-
called Center party, the chief of which is Sir Horace
Plunkett, now in this country. Even the anti-home
rulers in England do not want any bloodshed, and
Ulster is not so solidly opposed to home rule as it
was, for no less than eleven Sinn Feiners were re-
turned for parliament from that province at the
late general election. The Sinn Fein victory was so
sweeping that there is no longer doubt of the solid-
arity of the people for the cause of independence.
Repressive measures would be suicidal for the Eng-
lish. What the "garrison" seems to be doing now is
pursuing a policy of non-resistance towards the Irish
and it is a policy that is working fairly well. It can-
not be carried on indefinitely, however. There must
be something incubating in the way of a conciliatory
proposal to come directly or indirectly from the
British government. The Tories dominate the coal-
ition government and it is remarkable that they are
not insisting upon a strong hand against the Irish
revolutionaries. Ultra Ulster is remarkably quiet,
from all accounts, though, of course, we must not
forget that the censorship has not been lifted. It
is not a wild conjecture that the expressions of sen-
timent favorable to the Irish cause in this country,
coincident with the debate upon the proposed con-
stitution of the League of Nations, are having a
strong influence upon the British government. It
is the belief of close observers that an attempt will
be made to do something for Ireland that will allay
the intense feeling of the element that demands
independence. What can be done is, of course, the
question. Not only what can be done for republican
Ireland, but what can be done to mollify the Ulster-
ians. That temporizing with the situation is danger-
ous must be plain to anyone. There must be some
plan for giving Irish Ireland a large measure of
what it wants. The alternative to Sinn Feinism is
Dominion home rule, such as Canada and Australia
enjoy. This is what Sir Horace Plunkett, George
W. Russell and other Irish moderates propose. The
government has come to the conclusion apparently
that if Ulster must not be coerced, neither must
Sinn Fein. This is a big concession by the govern-
ment—just big enough to lead us to believe that
there must be other concessions on the way. Great
Britain cannot now crush the Irish movement. To
do so would be to imperil, not alone the British gov-
ernment, but the League of Nations, and scatter the
fourteen points into irrecoverable confusion. A
civil war starting now might not be confinable to
Ireland. Premier Lloyd-George must be meditating
something with regard to Ireland and his Tory sup-
porters must be yielding their old die-hardism, while
Liberalism of all brands is for home rule. But how
are Ulster and Sinn Fein to be brought to an ac-
commodation? It is not impossible, for surely Irish
self-government, guaranteeing the rights of the
Ulster minority, is humanely feasible. And a com-
promise on home rule is more sensible than rebellion,
either in the North or South. Premier Lloyd-George
is handling the Sinn Fein and the Ulster situation
with gloves, but it cannot be dealt with thus much
longer. He and his government will have to do
something and it will have to go a long way indeed
to bring about any recession from the position of
those who have proclaimed the Irish republic. It

will have to grant more home rule than did the bill
which Asquith "hung up" in 1914 or the constitution
framed by the Irish conference in 1916.



A Wrong to Creditors

THERE is something wrong with bankruptcy laws
that work out as in a case reported in last Tues-
day's evening papers. Here is the story: The Belle-
ville Ice & Cold Storage company went into the
hands of a receiver. Against this concern the
Defender Automatic Regulator company had a claim
of \$35. This company received a cheque for 7
cents as its full share of the proceeds of the re-
ceivership. The receiver collected \$10,631, and after
payment of all expenses and preferred claims, there
was but \$30.80 left for the common creditors. The
expenditures amounted to \$6,839.89, which left \$3,-
791.11 to be distributed to claimants. Of this, court
costs and master's fee and receiver's fee took \$832.-
85. Mechanics' liens and prior judgments called
for \$434.49, and \$2,492.94 was paid on receiver's
certificates. Only \$30.83 for the creditors out of a
fund of \$10,631. No doubt it is all perfectly legal,
but it is manifestly unjust to the creditors. The
bankruptcy law is a good thing in enabling concerns
that have failed in business to emerge from their
difficulties purged of indebtedness, but under the
operation of the system, the money that belongs to
the creditors is too often eaten up in costs and
expenditures that benefit others than those to whom
it rightfully belongs. Help for the failures is well
enough, but the creditor should not suffer in his just
claims, as in this case.



Prussianism at Berkeley

AT THE University of California there are doings.
For a poet got busy out there and there resulted
something that tore up both town and gown. The
poet is Mr. Witter Bynner. He was an instructor
in English to the army student corps. He and
Prof. A. E. Anderson, another instructor in Eng-
lish, and Prof. W. W. Lyman, instructor in Celtic—
mark that!—and English, got to talking on the
campus about the state of the nation. They agreed
that if there was some danger of Bolshevism, there
was even more danger of Prussianism. They didn't
like the suppression of free speech, and the sen-
tencing of people to ten and twenty years in prison
for being argumentatively "agin" the government as
to the war. So they drew up a petition in which they
said that them were their sentiments and they got
signers thereto among the faculty, graduates and
students, and this petition demanded the release of
all persons in confinement solely or principally for
expressions of opinion at variance with the war
policies of the government, and this petition they
were going to send to Secretary of War Baker.
The moguls of the university heard of this and
called the young men on the carpet and told them
to keep the university out of this thing. The young
men agreed. They changed the petition. They didn't
demand the release of the prisoners, but a revision
of their sentences, and the petition set forth not
that the signers were of the university, but that they
were residents of Berkeley. Then the citizens of
Berkeley arose, some of them, and cried out
"Treason!" And the patriotic press demanded that
the university rid itself of these Bolsheviks. And
then they said that the young men, and especially
the poet, Mr. Bynner, should not be permitted to
stay in town. Mr. Bynner stood his ground. This
government shouldn't keep its political prisoners
locked up when Great Britain, France and Italy
were letting theirs out. Moreover, Mr. Bynner main-
tained that freedom of speech was an American
constitutional right that couldn't be abridged. He
said that the way to fight ideas was with ideas, not
with clubs and imprisonment. He said that the way
to produce Bolshevism was by practicing Prussian
suppression. He wrote letters to the papers and
only one paper, the San Francisco *Call*, published

them. The other papers wouldn't even print his
name, not even as the author of a masque presented
at the university, or as an actor in the masque. He
and his fellow professor offenders admitted they
erred in connecting the university with the petition,
but as to the proposal that he be driven out of
Berkeley, he would rather be right than resident
there. The papers, mostly, call for 100 per cent
Americanism at the university. Mr. Bynner belongs
to the family of President Tyler and traces back
to the Revolution too. That doesn't count though
with the press. They used to write nice things about
the poetry things he did at the university, but now
they never mention him directly, though they de-
mand that all slackers be chased out of the uni-
versity. If they be not dropped, the legislature may
be called upon to cut off funds. The action of
Messrs. Bynner, Anderson and Lyman is made an
excuse for an attack upon the university generally,
and of course the deans and chancellors and what
not are all more or less scared. They are the more
scared when Mr. Bynner tells them that President
Lowell of Harvard declares for freedom of opinion
at that institution. They, the moguls, were still
more scared when the attorney general recommended
reduction of espionage case sentences and the Presi-
dent pardoned three dozen espionage offenders, and
Col. Rice recommended the pardon of striking C. O.
prisoners at Leavenworth. At last accounts, neither
Mr. Bynner, Mr. Lyman, nor Mr. Anderson had been
fired from the university instruction corps, and they
had not been drummed out of the town of Berkeley.
All of which would be funny if it were not dis-
graceful and tragic. If there's any place where
there should be freedom of thought and speech it is
in a university. If there's any place where the right
of petitions should be held sacredly inviolable, it is in
a university. But the universities go war-mad, just
as other places do—even the churches. And they
suppress honest opinion that is expressed in the in-
terest of justice and mercy and reason. And the
row at Berkeley over Messrs. Lyman, Anderson and
Bynner is nothing but the clash of Prussianism
with straight-out Americanism. What this country
needs is more tolerance and plenty of amnesty for
every offender who didn't actually obstruct the war
activities of the country. Punishment for free
speech is one of the best fomenters of Bolshevism
that there is. And the press can't kill poetry or
gentleness or mercifulness or sanity or the sense
of fair play or faith in the ability of truth to con-
quer error by proscribing men who stand for those
things. The University of California is injured by
the intolerance it has displayed in this matter. The
press of California is not free, but slave to prejudice
and passion. Those who know no way of com-
bating opinions save by persecution and proscription
and banishment of opinionators are the worst en-
emies of everything good that Americanism stands
for, and the friends of everything we have conceived
as representing the diabolism of method of German
Kultur.



The Black Be-Devilled Cable

By Catherine Postelle

THE title of the latest book by George W. Cable,
"Lovers of Louisiana" (Scribner's, New York),
gives us assurance that we are to drift back to
his old ground of romance. As soon as we open the
book we feel the lazy breath of the south wind com-
ing in over the laziest of tides and catch the scent
of rose and jasmine and honeysuckle mingled beyond
any art of the chemist's to produce. Though it has
been more than thirty years since Mr. Cable ceased
to make New Orleans his home, he is drawn back
with irresistible force to the scenes of his birth and
young manhood for inspiration of his every romance.

It is an old book to him—this Community of New
Orleans—as he calls it, "a volume written much in
a strange tongue, its displaced leaves to be lifted

tenderly, blown free of much dust, rearranged, some torn fragments laid together, and the purport of some pages guessed out." Mr. Cable has made this volume his by right of artist to his work. He pre-empted it in those old first delightful tales of his, "Belle Demoiselles Plantation," "Tete Poulette," "Jean-ah Poquelin," "Madame Delicieuse" and "Cafe des Exilés", and he claims it in all his succeeding work.

The characters in "Lovers of Louisiana" are the Creoles, *Durels* and *Ducatels*, and the Americans, the *Castletons*, living on the wrong side of Canal street. All the *Castletons* have been lovers of the *Durels*, and *Philip* and *Rosalie* are the third generation of the two families whose story of romance the book purports to tell. *Philip*, the fine flower of a fine civilization with the added grace of four years at Princeton, comes back to his native city to discover *Rosalie* in all the charm of youth waiting for him, according to all the traditions and precedents of the *Castletons* and the *Durels*, yet separated from him by an unnamed but dimly felt barrier. What separates them is his political attitude. He believes that New Orleans, as the center of the Southern Confederacy, is the symbol of old world ideas, worn out institutions, obsolete social and political creeds. He believes that pride of city is not patriotism and wishes to throw open the South to criticism, to purify her standards by exposure of her fraudulent politics and her unjust evasion of the race problem. He believes there is a passing of the old South to make room for the new, ready for service, for national service, for world service. *Monsieur Durel*, *Rosalie's* father, opposes these views of *Philip*, but with such "polideness" and French punctilio that he becomes the most exquisite character in the book.

We have here all the elements of a successful romance in an atmosphere in which Mr. Cable has often and often shown himself the master; but though he beguiles us at times with his old witchery of words, we soon see through the flimsy curtain to the bones of that skeleton that Mr. Cable long ago unearthed for us—the Negro question. We recognize that "Lovers of Louisiana" is a political pamphlet poorly disguised as a love story and successful as neither. A love story to be a work of art cannot carry its moral lesson tacked on in full sight, but it must be hidden away, shining through it as a candle through alabaster. Mr. Cable is not willing to do this, but insists on the lesson first, making the story secondary and subservient.

His old problem—the Negro—is the subject *per se* of the book and *Philip* is merely the mouthpiece of Mr. Cable. It is the old story of "The Grandissimes" even to the duplicating of the characters, but infinitely attenuated. *Philip* is *Joseph Frowenfeld* without his convincingness. For those two incomparable women, *Clotilde*, the *pulcherrima filia* of her more beautiful mother, *Aurora*, we have the less charming *Rosalie* and *Merc Durel*. For *Agricola*, *Zephyre*, and for that dark, ominous thread on which the romance is strung he gives us *Ovide* and his quadron family for those majestic figures *Bras Coupé* and *Palmyre*.

But while the characters can be thus paralleled, it is almost a pity to place the two books together in the strong light of contrast. "The Grandissimes" is Mr. Cable at his best, a delightful artist pleasing himself with painting a picture full of tropical warmth and color, with high lights and delicate and tender tones and the mystery of appealing shadow, and hanging over all the tragedy of *Bras Coupé* and *Honoré Grandissime f.m.c.* In this, as in that portrait miniature, "Madame Delphine," Mr. Cable succeeds in getting on the right side of his audience, playing up to them such a chord as calls back an answering note. In "Lovers of Louisiana" and in "The Flower of the Chapdelaines" he fails to win our sympathy, to catch us off our guard and steal our hearts unawares.

We wish *Philip* were less a moralist and more a lover. We wish he would go off and sin a little

and come back human and lovable. We wish *Rosalie* were not so "on to" things, and did not give up her lover with the cold-blooded nonchalance of a fish. It is not so with a Creole. Kate Chopin knew better when she said, "You can't teach a Creole how to love." Of course we know that *Rosalie* gets *Philip* back again, but she does not know it, and we would like to see a tiny bit of evidence of the worm in the bud. The Scot is all right. We would like him very much had he not been introduced for the sole purpose of telling us how much better than America England handles her black races. *Merc Ducatel* and *Philip's* grandfather make a belated marriage, and the young people are left free to wed after *Rosalie* makes up her mind to accept the politics of *Philip*. Though Mr. Cable employs the sinking of the *Lusitania* to rid us of his two objectionable characters, *Zephyre* and his questionable bride, not one vibration of the great convulsion disturbs the current of the book.

Mr. Cable always writes well, and there are many fine quotable passages. "A true lover of his city will help her to rise above her follies and fit her for a high place in the world's service." . . . "He deprecated that love of country which is mere pride of country, that national complacency which is only self esteem swollen to national dimensions." . . . "True patriotism requires a scope as universal as humanity, and a sense of incalculable indebtedness extending to all civilization."

The "Flower of the Chapdelaines" follows close upon the "Lovers of Louisiana," and concerns itself with the story of four runaway slaves, an issue dead these fifty years, and this in 1918, when the fate of the world was making a graveyard of France.

Though he was born in New Orleans and lived there for forty years, at heart Mr. Cable was always an alien, so far removed in thought and feeling from her memories and traditions that he sweeps together the faults of his mother country for dissection not with the tenderness of a sorrowing son, but with the aloofness and indifference of a stranger. The Negro question—"that ball and chain on the leg of Dixie," as he so powerfully names it, "that tap root that was absorbed into the tree it produced"—was also absorbed by the brain of Mr. Cable, and spreads its dark foliage over all his creations. He can never get away from the shadow of the Ethiopian. He has believed himself to be a man with a mission, and the man with a mission has strangled the artist. Had he been content to let his pamphlets, "The Negro Question," "The Silent South" and "The Freedman's Case in Equity" speak for his political views, thus to leave the artist in him to revel untrammelled, Mr. Cable would have been one of our greatest story tellers. He had the gift, he had the most exquisite setting in the world, his materials lay heaped before him in prodigal profusion, he had the world at his feet, but alas! he was bitten by a tarantula, and in a sort of blind madness insisted on painting out his picture by painting in his foreground with the black shadow of his political problem.

We turn back with joy to the Cable of the earlier days, the creator of "Bonaventure," of "Posson Jone," of "Madame Delphine," the painter of the mystery and the loneliness of the Louisiana swamps. He complains that no painter has arisen to paint these awful solitudes. We need none. Mr. Cable has made them ours. We know where *Bonaventure* lived, and *Claude* and *Sidonie* and *Madame Zozephine* in that pure pastoral of Mr. Cable's happier time. In these days of wrangling for power and precedent, with what delight do we return to that "most unworthy teach-ah," *Bonaventure*, and to that school that progressed so fast, not from the "strickness of the teach-ah, but the goodness of the scholahs." In "Posson Jone" we see that delightful *Jules St. Ange* standing in the sunshine that Sunday morning, watching the people going in to mass, hoping to find a victim to replenish his empty purse. We follow him into that place that *Posson*

Jone thought was a Sunday school, and all day until he turns back from the flat boat and *Posson Jone* and *Colossus*, an honest man. The little priest in "Madame Delphine," and the pirate and that colossal figure of *Madame Delphine* herself are immortal, as is *Narcisse* in "Dr. Sevier" and *Aurora* in "The Grandissimes."

"The Grandissimes" is Mr. Cable's most important work, and the one on which his fame will rest when his later books are forgotten.

Mr. Cable still sits in his study with his Problem. Other problems do not interest him. Meanwhile the Negro is working out his own slow salvation. When he is ready for the higher place, the higher place will be ready for him, but no boasting of Mr. Cable's will ever lift him there. His progression must come, as all true progression only can, from within.

We wish—what do we not wish?—that Mr. Cable had had a twin brother on whose shoulders he might have laid the burden of his' gospel, and he himself had been given to us a pure artist, pleasing himself and us with divine creations. He has gone from his old camping ground, surrounding himself in his northern home with the wild nature that he loves, but in his heart that old southern mocking bird is still singing as it sang in the hearts of *Philip* and *Rosalie*, the symbol of youth and love and joy.

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Occasional Observations

By Horace Flack

XI.—GROANS IN LITERATURE AND POLITICAL HISTORY

IT is now well known to every one that it is not good manners to groan in company. The only exception is in legislative bodies. In a legislative body such as the American House of Representatives, or the British House of Commons, the reports show at times, in brackets, the words "groans" and "derisive laughter." These words are inserted when one side of the House has "got something" on the other. When there is no other answer convenient, as many as two hundred may laugh or groan together, to show contempt and execration for the detestable charges that have been suddenly sprung on them.

It is quite remarkable to hear a hundred men indulging in loud and hollow laughter, all "catching step" as it were, together. As soon as the party leader has begun to lead in the sardonic laughter, they go up and down the scale of mocking mirth with him, in the hope of putting the other side to confusion.

I suppose the British poet who wrote of "dead men's laughter in hell," must have heard "derisive laughter" in politics. I have observed the acute, grave and circumflex accents in political laughter of this kind while it was in progress, but my education still needs development through the deep and hollow groan of the losing side in a legislative body. It is now becoming much rarer than the "sardonic laughter" which punctuates the proceedings when one side begins to try to show that it is not as bad as the other.

Even the political groan seems to be going out of use in this country. Outside of politics, we must not groan in company, no matter what happens.

We may suppose that it is not heroic to groan, but this is a mistake. In the heroic age in Europe and Asia, nothing is more common than loud groans by the most famous heroes. Not to groan in company is good manners, but it is probably American good manners, aboriginal in this hemisphere. An aboriginal American, when he burned one of his enemies at the stake, did everything possible to make him groan. I do not think, however, that in the history of the Six Nations, there is a case on record of an Algonquin groan at the stake. We

learned much from the American Indians while we were making them "good Indians."

For this reason, as I suppose, there are no groans in American literature. We have no deep and soul-felt groans on the stage. We have none in our church services. If anything worse than what we have felt already, could be imposed on us ten years from now, there would be no recorded trace of our suffering. Not a single groan would appear in print, or be heard in public.

In fact, the art of recording in writing a groan that is really deep and heroic, coming from the depths of the soul itself, seems now to be lost. There is a groan of this kind in the fifth verse of the hundred and twentieth psalm. It may or may not be one of the Psalms of David. It is not credited to David, but neither David, nor Aeschylus, nor Sophocles, nor Euripides, nor Homer himself has enriched heroic literature with a more heroic groan. "Woe is me, that I must sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar," is the King James version, than which there could be nothing better of its kind. The Hebrew "Pacifist" who wrote the hundred and twentieth psalm, groaned for peace among Meshichites in only six letters. But only a cathedral organ could express the inspiration and aspiration in the five Hebrew vowels of that "Woe is me," and it might call for a full octave. It so far surpasses the "O moi ego ti patho" groan of Ulysses after shipwreck, or the deepest Greek groan of Prometheus on Caucasus, that, in my opinion, it is the most sublime groan in the whole recorded literature of human agony.

As far as I can venture an opinion, the whole psalm is so nearly in keeping throughout with the sublimity of this groan that if, in the year 1928, any Pacifist is longing for peace in solitary confinement, he may find in the long vowels of the psalm, keyed to this groan and timed by it, a depth of aspiration for civilization, from which, in his own loneliness, he may comprehend how the highest inspiration finds expression through a groan.

I do not know of any attempt to record a shriek in the Hebrew of the "Golden Age," but the Greek literature, which belongs to the heroic age and the war of Troy, specializes in shrieks for women as well as in groans for men. I have heard one genuine, prehistoric shriek. It was from a heroic mother who had sent her son "to die for his state." The boy was also heroic. He died as he was bid. "My son, my son," she said, when she could speak once more after shrieking: "My son, my son—I would give the whole Confederacy to have you back." That might have been considered "sedition" or "espionage" in later political history, but at that time, no one thought of punishing her, nor does the idea of suppressing the shrieks of mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts appear in the literature of the heroic age.

So far, in the yet unwritten history of groans! But, in conclusion, let us remember that in the Fifth century B. C., when it was not bad manners to groan aloud, it was said that when men are free, they may help even these things, and that the worst we must suffer teaches us to hope.

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Two Southern Comedies

By Silas Bent

INCORRIGIBLE hotheadness is just as characteristic of the South today as it was generations ago. Life there is still an attempt to escape the realities, hospitality still a sacred rite. The Southerner is as reckless and proud and intolerant and tenderhearted as of old. *Mis' Nelly*, she has told us so, and *Toby*, an ingratiating relic of slave days, has confirmed it.

For the South is in its heyday no more in Washington than upon the New York stage. Two comedies of manners, one of Creole New Orleans and one of the Old Dominion, holds the boards at Henry Miller's and the Comedy, separated by hardly more

than a stone's throw. Mrs. Fiske, the most distinguished and intelligent actress of our stage, is at her sparkling best in the title part of "Mis' Nelly of N' Orleans;" and George Marion, whose name has never gleamed in incandescents, is the noteworthy exemplar of "Toby's Bow."

Blind lovers we all are, but none so blind as Southerners; and so we are not greatly surprised to find that when *Nelly Daventry* was the belle of New Orleans in '86, *Georges Durand*, inflamed with unfounded jealousy, has jilted her almost at the altar; that no explanation was asked nor given, and that *Mis' Nelly* has spent the years since then in Paris. We meet her on her return to the rose garden of the old home in St. Charles street, limping and using an ear-trumpet as part of the tactics of her campaign to prevent *Georges Durand's* son from marrying her niece, *Delphine Falaise*. It is a campaign carefully planned, and she has sent ahead of her a mulatto maid, whom she had taken as a child from the old home, to pose as a Parisian adventuress and inveigle the young lover into indiscretion. An incident of the play is the exposure of the maid through her terror at the voodoo of a skeleton hand, but how the scheme went otherwise awry need not be detailed here. It is enough to say that *Mis' Nelly* finds it expedient straightway to discard her ear-trumpet and her spectacles, and to be her captivating self.

"I shall dance until I'm ninety," she declares, "or till my legs refuse to budge—and then I'll play the castanets." She has not forgot the coqueries which in her young womanhood had brought New Orleans to her feet; and she uses them, not only to the devastation of *Georges Durand*, but to the temporary derangement of his impetuous and impressionable son. She and *Felix* are to dine *tete-a-tete* on Mardi Gras evening in the rose garden, but are prevented when, by a twist of circumstance contrary to her scheming, the father calls to escort *Delphine* to a dance; and that twist is no more curious than the events which result in a midnight elopement of *Mis' Nelly* and the youth, who fancies himself heels over head in love with her; the while she is shaken secretly with laughter, although thrilled with the romance of it, so strongly runs the tide of youth through her years. For golden lanterns spangle the southern night like yellow moons, and the voices of merry-makers are heard as they go singing through St. Charles street.

"A Comedy of Moonshine, Madness and Make-Believe," this play is called by Cohan and Harris, the producers. But the madness does not seem somehow so apparent under the witchery of Mrs. Fiske's domination. It seems rational enough that in the end *Georges Durand* should learn how cruelly he had misjudged *Mis' Nelly* in an earlier day and that the old misunderstanding should be patched up; that *Felix* and *Delphine* should lock arms, and that, as the curtain falls, they should all set out to breakfast at "the market," accompanied by *Pere Andre Clement*, who had been the unwitting cause of *Durand's* jealousy. Nor is the credit for the charming illusion due solely to Mrs. Fiske; for Laurence Eyre, who wrote this play, has the knack of making moonlight and make-believe seem an authentic part of the fabric of life; and he has, in addition, the difficult Ibsenic craftsman's trick of making the exposition contribute directly to the dramatic tension of his plot, so that every moment of the three acts is lively. Eyre has an enviable equipment, all too rare among American playwrights.

Hamilton Revelle, as *Georges Durand*; Frederic Burt, as the priest, and Irene Haisman as *Delphine*, stand out even amid such a competent cast as invariably surrounds Mrs. Fiske. All have mastered the quaint and difficult Creole dialect under the tutelage of George W. Cable, except that *Mis' Nelly's* long residence exempts her from the *patois*. This may afford some relief to those who consider Mrs. Fiske's clipped enunciation a hardship. As for me, I'd enjoy any part which gave her an opportunity

to act, even if she spoke pidgin English; and in *Mis' Nelly* she has one of the most delightful roles of her career.

♦

John Taintor Foote, who wrote "Toby's Bow," did not bother himself with an intricate or unusual plot. *James Bointon Blake* is a young, best-selling novelist who, to purloin a chambered phrase of the late Mayor Gaynor, has started with a wealth of thought and continued with a thought of wealth; and we are introduced to him in his New York apartment on a headachy morning after, the while four Greenwich Village companions play "strip" poker for the breakfast. In this variety of poker the loser of each hand doffs a garment; and the audience escapes a disrobing act only because one of the players decides to borrow a five-spot from *Blake*; and pay for the meal, the only alternative open to her. Such is *Blake's* life. He has been turning out profitable sex-stuff since his first novel. "You are writing only from the fringes of your mind," his publisher tells him a little later, urging him to leave New York.

And so in the next act we find *Blake* at Fairlawn, Fairfax County, Virginia, chopping wood to de-alcoholize his system and falling rapidly in love with *Eugenie Vardeman*, the young mistress of that poverty-stricken estate, a type wholly unknown to the Village he has left. *Eugenie* is writing stilted romances in the fatuous hope that thus she can "pay off the mortgage on the old homestead;" and of course *Blake* writes and makes love for and to her with entire success.

A threadbare plot! But you have not yet met *Toby*. From the moment the curtain rises on that old negro pretending to dust the library furniture at Fairlawn your heart is lost to him. A lazy, lying, loyal old nigger he is. You love him for his lies, when he pretends to "Ole Miss," *Eugenie's* grandmother, that he has drunk the contents of the wine cellar, sold by *Eugenie* to keep the place going. You sympathize with his shocked outcry when *Blake*, who is waterwagoning, declines a toddy "made with whisky thutty yeahs ole, suh." "Oh, people, people!" *Toby* groans at that refusal; which is his way of saying, *O tempora, O mores!* And all who have known old and privileged servants understand his attitude toward *Yama*, the Japanese valet, who accompanies *Blake* during his sojourn as a boarder in Virginia. You perceive that *Toby* is jealous of this dapper newcomer, who knows niceties of service undreamed-of in *Toby's* philosophy, and who, to his intense disgust, carves roses from the pickled beets. *Yama* is "jes a yaller niggah," that's what he is, and *Toby* throws into the phrase a contempt beyond the printed word. He forbids *Yama* to be seen in the front of the house. "Ramble, you yaller niggah, ramble!" he commands, and the Japanese vanishes in terror. *Toby's* browbeating and bulldozing goes on until *Blake*, in an effort to relieve the situation, tells *Eugenie* in his hearing that *Yama* is as likely as not to commit *hari kiri* if this goes on. That fearful word fascinates *Toby*. *Blake* explains to him what it means, but not that it is self-inflicted; and thereupon *Toby's* attitude toward the Japanese undergoes a miraculous transformation. He addresses him in honeyed tones as "yamma-boy." He invites him to little tasks about the front of the house, his fat paunch quivering meantime at the thought of *Yama's* sword. He even permits the Japanese to open the front door. He is conciliatory to the last extreme.

But I have not told you about *Toby's* bow. This is a very special genuflection, an unctuous and reverential obeisance, reserved for members of "de fambly." It is the last gesture of homage and fealty and devotion. And when *Toby* blunders upon *Blake* with *Eugenie* in his arms, the northerner, whose lavish tips have availed him naught, is the recipient for the first time of this low-bending ritual.

John D. Williams, who is presenting this comedy, has displayed exceptional taste and care in the scenic production and in the selection of the cast.

Norman Trevor is a straightforward and convincing *Blake*. Doris Rankin is a lovely *Eugenie*. Alice Augarde Butler invests the grandmother with a delicate art. Wright Kramer plays with credit the part of *Colonel Botts*, an old lawyer and friend of the family. But *Toby*, bless his heart, is a real nigger of the Old South. *Toby* is the play; and George Marion, who for forty-seven years has been an actor and stage director without incandescent advertisement—George Marion is *Toby*.

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The Nine Epigrams of Zonas

By W. Bryher

Book VII. 365.

ROWER of the boat of the dead through the reedy water of this lake to Hades, stretch out your hand pitifully from the mounting-ladder to the son of Kinyras as he embarks, and take him, dark Charon; for the boy is yet unsteady in his sandals, and fears to set his naked foot on the sand of the shore.

Book VII. 404.

I will heap the chill sand of the beach over your head, pouring it upon your cold limbs. For your mother never wailed above your tomb nor saw your wave-battered body in the sea. But the desert and the neighboring shore of the inhospitable Ægean received your corpse. So take this little portion of sand and many tears, stranger. Fateful was the trading upon which you departed.

Book XI. 43.

Give me the sweet cup wrought of earth, for I was born of earth and I shall lie under it in death.

Book IX. 226.

Brown-gold bees, fly and feast upon the tips of the wrinkled thyme leaves or the petals of the poppy, upon sun-shrivelled grapes, violets, or the down covering the apples. Plunder them all and frame your wax cells so that Pan, guardian of bees and keeper of the hive, may taste himself, and the hand of the honey-seeker driving you forth with smoke may leave you also your portion.

Book IX. 312.

Woodman, spare the oak, mother of the acorns. Spare it; hew the hoary pine, the sea-pine, these many stems of the rhammus shrub, the ilex tree or the dry arbutus. But keep your axe away from the oak, for our ancestors told us oaks were the first mothers.

Book IX. 556.

Nymphs of the shore, Nereids, you saw Daphnis yesterday when he washed away the dust that clung to his skin like down; when scorched by the heat of the dog-star the apples of his cheeks flushed slightly as he plunged into your waters. Tell me, was he beautiful? Or am I a goat, lame, not only in my legs, but in my heart?

Book VI. 98.

To Demeter of the Winnowing and the Seasons, treaders in the furrow, from his stunted fields Heronax brings a share of corn from the threshing-floor and these mingled seeds of pulse on a wooden tripod—little from very little: for he owns but a poor inheritance on this bleak hill-side.

Book VI. 106.

Dweller in the wood, Telamon the wolf-slayer hangs up this skin to you on the plane-tree in the field and with it the wild olive-wood staff thrown so often whirling from his hand. Pan of the hills, accept these simple gifts, and grant him good hunting and the freedom of the mountain.

Book VI. 22.

This newly-broken pomegranate, a quince covered freshly with down, a shrivelled navel fig, a cluster of purple grapes, thick with berries, heavy with wine, and nuts slipped newly from their green husk, the orchard-watcher brings to rustic Priapus, carved from a single trunk, as offering from the trees.

From the *London Nation*.

The Two Drinkers

By Witter Bynner

From the *French of Charles Vildrac*

THEY have sat down together for a little drink; They are leaning with all their weight on their elbows;

Their words are meeting and their eyes
And their cheeks and voices and eyes are laughing
Across the table,
And O what good ones they're telling!
They are really happy, for the moment;
They are really happy to be together;
And yet! . . .

And yet,
If to-morrow they have to hurry through a door
Not wide enough for two
Where one must pass after the other
They will pause before it
With an ugly change in their faces,
With an ugly look at each other,
And a slanting look toward the door.

As dogs, with a bone between them,
Growl, warning each other off,

So may these two become to-morrow, or to-night,
These two who now are friends because of little
drink . . .

—That is true enough and it's sad too,
But that's not the way to say it!
This is the way to say it:

These two men who are laughing
Might be fighting for no reason:
They might find a thousand reasons
To be fighting;
There are reasons a-plenty!
They need only pick, they need only choose!

But no:

Deep in that old heart of theirs,
In the secret need of union and of mirth,
And in a moment of unbending,
While the spite of life has left that poor old heart
to itself,
See how their eyes are laughing,
See how they slap each other's shoulders,
See how they have no doubt of each other,
See how they like to offer each other drinks,
And O what good ones they're telling!

From *Contemporary Verse for March*.

◆◆◆◆

The Great Son of a Tailor

By Robert Lynd

"George Meredith: His Life and Friends in Relation to His Work." By S. M. ELLIS. (London: Grant Richards.)

GEORGE MEREDITH, as his friends used to tell one with amusement, was a vain man. Someone has related how, in his later years, he regarded it as a matter of extreme importance that his visitors should sit in a position from which they could see his face in profile. This is symbolic of his attitude to the world. All his life he kept one side of his face hidden. Mr. Ellis, who is the son of one of Meredith's cousins, now takes us for a walk round Meredith's chair. No longer are we permitted to remain in restful veneration of "a god and a Greek." Mr. Ellis invites us—and we cannot refuse the invitation—to look at the other side of the face, to consider the full face and the back of the head. He encourages us to feel Meredith's bumps, and no man whose bumps we are allowed to feel can continue for five minutes the pretence of being an Olympian. He becomes a human being under a criticising thumb. We discover that he had a genius for imposture, an egoist's temper, and a stomach that fluttered greedily at the thought of

dainty dishes. We find all those characteristics that prevented him from remaining on good terms first with his father, next with his wife, and then with his son. At first, when one reads the full story of Meredith's estrangements through three generations, one has the feeling that one is in the presence of an idol in ruins. Certainly, one can never mistake Box Hill for Olympus again. On the other hand, let us but have time to accustom ourselves to see Meredith in other aspects than that which he himself chose to present to his contemporaries—let us begin to see in him not so much one of the world's great comic censors, as one of the world's great comic subjects, and we shall soon find ourselves back among his books, reading them no longer with tedious awe, but with a new passion of interest in the figure-in-the-background of the complex human being who wrote them.

For Meredith was his own great subject. Had he been an Olympian he could not have written "The Egoist" or "Harry Richmond." He was an egoist and pretender, coming of a line of egoists and pretenders, and his novels are simply the confession and apology of such a person. Meredith concealed the truth about himself in his daily conversation; he revealed it in his novels. He made such a mystery about his birth that many people thought he was a cousin of Queen Victoria's, or at least a son of Bulwer Lytton's. It was only in "Evan Harrington" that he told the essentials of the truth about the tailor's shop in Portsmouth above which he was born. Outside his art, nothing would persuade him to own up to the tailor's shop. Once, when Mr. Clodd was filling in a census-paper for him, Meredith told him to put "near Petersfield" as his place of birth. The fact that he was born at Portsmouth was not publicly known, indeed, until some time after his death. And not only was there the tailor's shop to live down, but on his mother's side he was the grandson of a publican, Michael Macnamara. Meredith liked to boast that his mother was "pure Irish"—an exaggeration, according to Mr. Ellis—but he said nothing about Michael Macnamara of "The Vine." At the same time it was the presence not of a bar sinister, but of a yardstick sinister in his coat of arms that chiefly filled him with shame. When he was marrying his first wife he wrote "Esquire" in the register as a description of his father's profession. There is no evidence, apparently, as to whether Meredith himself ever served in the tailor's shop after his father moved from Portsmouth to St. James's Street, London. Nothing is known of his life during the two years after his return from the Moravian school at Neuwied. As for his hapless father (who had been trained as a medical student but went into the family business in order to save it from ruin), he did not succeed in London any better than in Portsmouth, and in 1849 he emigrated to South Africa and opened a shop in Cape Town. It was while in Cape Town that he read Meredith's ironical comedy on the family tailordom, "Evan Harrington; or He Would Be a Gentleman." Naturally, he regarded the book (in which his father and himself were two of the chief figures) with horror. It was as though George had washed the family tape-measure in public. Augustus Meredith, no less than George, blushed for the tape-measure daily. Probably, Melchizedek Meredith, who begat Augustus, who begat George, had also blushed for it in his day. As the "great Mel" in "Evan Harrington" he is an immortal figure of genteel imposture. His lordly practice of never sending in a bill was hardly that of a man who accepted the conditions of his trade. In "Evan Harrington" three generations of a family's shame were held up to ridicule. No wonder that Augustus Meredith, when he was congratulated by a customer on his son's fame, turned away silently with a look of pain.

The comedy of the Meredith family springs, of course, not from the fact that they were tailors, but that they pretended not to be tailors. Whether

Meredith himself was more ashamed of their tailoring or their pretentiousness it is not easy to decide. Both "Evan Harrington" and "Harry Richmond" are, in a measure, comedies of imposture, in which the vice of imposture is lashed as fiercely as Moliere lashes the vice of hypocrisy in "Tartuffe." But it may well be that in life Meredith was a snob, while in art he was a critic of snobs. Mr. Yeats, in his last book of prose, put forward the suggestion that the artist reveals in his art not his "self" (which is expressed in his life), but his "anti-self," a complementary and even contrary self. He might find in the life and works of Meredith some support for his not quite convincing theory. Meredith was an egoist in his life, an anti-egoist in his books. He was pretentious in his life, anti-pretentious in his books. He took up the attitude of the wronged man in his life; he took up the case of the wronged woman in his books. In short, his life was vehemently pro-George Meredith, while his books were vehemently anti-George Meredith. He knew himself more thoroughly, so far as we can discover from his books, than any other English novelist has ever done.

He knew himself comically, no doubt, rather than tragically. In "Modern Love" and "Richard Feverel" he reveals himself as by no means a laughing philosopher; but he strove to make fiction a vehicle of philosophic laughter rather than of passionate sympathy. Were it not that a great poetic imagination is always at work—in his prose, perhaps, even more than in his verse—his genius might seem a little cold and head-in-the-air. But his poet's joy in his characters saves his books from inhumanity. As *Diana Warwick* steps out in the dawn she is not a mere female human being undergoing critical dissection; she is bird-song and the light of morning and the coming of the flowers. Meredith had as great a capacity for rapture as for criticism and portraiture. He has expressed in literature as no other novelist has done the rapturous vision of a boy in love. He knew that a boy in love is not mainly a calf but a poet. "Love in a Valley" is the incomparable music of a boy's ecstasy. Much of "Richard Feverel" is its incomparable prose. Rapture and criticism, however, make a more practical combination in literature than in life. In literature, criticism may add flavor to rapture; in life it is more likely to destroy the flavor. One is not surprised, then, to learn the full story of Meredith's first unhappy marriage. A boy of twenty-one, he married a widow of thirty, high-strung, hot and satirical like himself; and after a depressing sequence of dead babies, followed by the birth of a son who survived, she found life with a man of genius intolerable, and ran away with a painter. Meredith apparently refused her request to go and see her when she was dying. His imaginative sympathy enabled him to see the woman's point of view in poetry and fiction; it does not seem to have extended to his life. Thus, his biography is to a great extent a "showing-up" of George Meredith. He proved as incapable of keeping the affection of his son, Arthur, as of keeping that of his wife. Much as he loved the boy he had not been married again long before he allowed him to become an alien presence. The boy felt he had a grievance. He said—probably without justice—that his father kept him short of money. Possibly he was jealous for his dead mother's sake. Further, though put into business, he had literary ambitions—a prolific source of bitterness. When Arthur died, Meredith did not even attend his funeral.

Mr. Ellis has shown Meredith up not only as a husband and a father, but as a hireling journalist and a lark-devouring gourmet. On the whole, the poet who could eat larks in a pie seems to me to be a more shocking "great man" than the Radical who could write Tory articles in a newspaper for pay. At the same time, it is only fair to say that Meredith remains a sufficiently splendid figure in Mr. Ellis's book even when we know the worst about

him. Was his a generous genius? It was at least a prodigal one. As poet, novelist, correspondent, and conversationalist, he leaves an impression of beauty, wit, and power in a combination without a precedent.



American Opinion

NINTH INSTALLMENT.

Milwaukee, Wis., March 16, 1919.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

It does not surprise me to hear that some, even of your readers, have expressed a desire to suppress these Opinions. The thing that chiefly has ailed this country during the past two decades is meddler's itch—the irresistible desire of millions of us to dictate to each other with regard to purely personal matters; to restrain and suppress each other—in brief, to destroy individual liberty in the Republic and to nullify its constitutional guaranties. Watching the rapid and widespread growth of this vilely un-American passion, and watching its fruition in the rapid submergence of local self-government giving way to concentration of authority in the Federal capital, I have sometimes wondered whether as a people we have not rounded a corner and turned backward toward imperial rule.

OUR PALACE REVOLUTION: *A political revolution has taken place in the United States during the past two years. It was what historians call "a palace revolution." Our public servants at the Federal capital, assuming to be our rulers, have without consulting us enacted and enforced laws which deny self-government to the American people. They have done this by making it a crime for us to employ the only means through which intelligent self-government is possible. They have made laws forbidding us to discuss their official acts. They have prescribed, and through the courts they have enforced, severe prison penalties for discussing their official acts. Hundreds of the finest men and women in America have been imprisoned for doing it. Others, like Eugene V. Debs, the best-loved public man in America, and Victor L. Berger, the first citizen of Milwaukee, are under sentence to long prison terms, for no other crime, real or alleged, than that of publicly expressing their opinions, as American citizens, of the official acts and policies of their public servants.*

USURPATION: *This palace revolution was a usurpation, by the people's servants, of powers which the people in their Federal Constitution expressly withheld from their public servants. This usurpation has been participated in by the President, by the majority members of both branches of the Congress, and by the Federal courts.*

The excuse given for the usurpation was the war emergency; the pretended necessity to suppress all vocal or written criticism of the administration's war policies. That necessity, if it in fact existed, was something new in American history. We never before engaged in a war which the people were not willing whole-heartedly to support to a finish after full and free discussion of its causes, its purposes and its plan. Apparently the Wilson administration did not trust the American people to support this war, if left free to declare its choice. If the administration entertained that fear, it did so because it did not know the American people. There has never been the slightest doubt that the people were willing to support this war whole-heartedly to a finish, reluctant as a majority of them undoubtedly were to enter upon it at all.

REAL PURPOSE OF THE GAG LAW: The true purpose of the Wilson gag laws now becomes more clearly apparent. That purpose appears to have been to terrorize the American people into mute acceptance of the Wilsonian scheme to deliver the United States back into the British Empire under the guise of membership in a League of Nations so framed—by British statesmen on the President's own admission—that it must with absolute certainty be controlled by the British Empire.

It would be a very great personal triumph for an American President, of recent and exclusively British origin, thus to restore to the British Empire this richest of its lost crown jewels. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, founder of the fund to which Mr. Wilson once applied for a pension, has long advocated this restoration—has perhaps even financed in part the "hands across the sea" propaganda leading up to it during the past two decades.

It is an affecting picture which imagination paints in contemplation of the proposed home-coming of Britannia's erring daughter Columbia—in tears—confessing that George Washington and John Hancock, Thomas Paine and Thomas Jefferson, Samuel Adams and Benjamin Franklin, Israel Putnam and Anthony Wayne, all rogues and rebels, betrayed her youthful innocence and led her astray.

But I fear it is too late for that picture ever to be realized. We have been too long a free and independent nation. In fact, this was a free and independent country from the days of President George Washington down to the days of President Woodrow Wilson. No earlier President ever dared challenge the right of his employers, the American people, to criticize fully and freely the acts and policies of their government, either in war or in peace.

We have had occasional disquieting intimations during the past twenty years that our Federal Government was drifting

away from the people; that it was losing something of its former sense of direct responsibility to us; that it was becoming steadily more and more bureaucratic—more a career for ambitious politicians and less an agency for public service; even that it was losing its regard for those high and imperishable ideals that animate our Declaration of Independence and our Constitution of the United States. You who are old enough will recall how promptly and with what nonchalance our Federal Government justified the order by our Philippine viceroy—was it Mr. Taft?—forbidding any of our Philippine subjects to read the American Declaration of Independence, or to print it, or even to own a copy of it, and making such reading, printing or ownership a seditious act, punishable by imprisonment. It worried some of us at that time to see our American Government repudiate the Declaration of Independence and go back mentally to slavery days. But we were told, and believed, that it was only a temporary expedient; that too much independence granted our Philippine subjects all at once would go to their heads and make serious trouble. It never occurred to us that in permitting our Federal Government to become once more half-slave and half-free we were paving the way for it to apply similar restrictions upon us here at home. We never had any doubt of our ability to preserve our own personal liberties, guaranteed by our Federal Constitution, nor any doubt of our ability to keep this country free and independent of any other country or combination of countries, forever.

It remained for President Wilson, with his gag laws and his British League of Nations scheme, to raise doubts on both points in the minds of the American people. It remained for President Wilson, virtually abdicating the American presidency for months at a time, in order to assume command of the world, to pledge us, without asking our consent, to the renunciation of our national sovereignty; to the assumption of vast European and Asiatic liabilities, and to the acceptance, for the United States of America, of a limited measure of home rule under the sovereignty of a British-controlled International Empire. Under the appalling spell of the world war, of his own most persuasive and coercive eloquence and of his supreme readiness to assume responsibility for leadership, President Wilson has acquired and freely used powers far transcending any committed to the presidential office by our Federal Constitution—powers whose further unrestrained use, as many of us old-fashioned Americans believe, will wreck the Republic founded by George Washington and confirmed by Abraham Lincoln. When, early in 1917, a coward Congress, controlled in both branches by the Democratic party, abdicated its functions and its responsibilities and formally constituted President Wilson the first American autocrat, he ordered, his Congress enacted, and his courts enforced, laws under which the United States ceased, for several millions of its loyal but bewildered citizens, to be a free country.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY'S SUPREME HISTORIC OPPORTUNITY: *A political counter-revolution is needed—is in fact indispensable—to repeal those laws; to liberate hundreds of citizens imprisoned for exercising their Constitutional rights; to make the American people once more free to employ free speech, a free press and free assemblage, the only means through which self-government is possible; and, above all, to prevent the impending sacrifice of American national sovereignty upon an altar built by European and Asiatic empires.*

Leadership in this peaceful counter revolution is the supreme historic opportunity of the Republican party. Some of that party's leaders in the United States Senate appear to recognize this fact fully, others dimly. The Republican party's leadership as a whole appears ready to accept this, its second opportunity, to save the Republic from destruction. A splendid few of the Democratic Senators also have aligned themselves against the proposed betrayal; the Democratic party's leadership as a whole appears to have accepted the British-Wilsonian League of Nations scheme for perpetual American intervention in European and Asiatic international quarrels.

Senator Borah's declared purpose to demand a national referendum on the League of Nations scheme exhibits him as the wisest and most courageous of the opposition leaders. The Republican party, controlling both branches of the 66th Congress, can provide for the referendum. President Wilson's party, enacting and brutally enforcing laws to suppress public opinion and to gag free thought, has therein certified its fear, or its contempt, of popular referendums. The President and his party, it may be taken for granted, will appeal for continuance in power upon the issue of imposing the "supreme sacrifice"—of life, wealth and national sovereignty—upon this country, for the benefit of Europe.

The Republican party, taking the American side of both these overshadowing issues, can sweep the Democratic party into richly merited oblivion, and in so doing can save the American Republic.

If the Republican leadership fails or falters—if it compromises where national safety and the highest expediency bids it stand like a rock against ANY League or Alliance attempted to be jammed down the country's throat without full discussion and a national referendum, then we shall know that the time has come to organize an American party for the regaining of our individual liberties and our national independence.

FRANK PUTNAM.

New Spring Wraps for Women

Graceful, beautiful dolmans and capes will win favor always—and when they embody the smart, distinctive features included in this showing the winning will be instantaneous.

Fine Gabardine, Serge, Duvet de Laine, Tricotine and Satin in many stunning models are all waiting for your approval.

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Sizes 34 to 48

\$45.00 to \$150.00

Third Floor.

Scruggs - Vandervoort - Barney

Olive and Locust, from Ninth to Tenth



Illustrated: Cape of black satin, trimmed with handsome hand-made buttons.
Price, \$98.50

Letters from the People For the Safety of Art

New York City,
March 12, 1919.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Your article "To Make It Safe for Art" in the MIRROR of February 21st, tempts me to write an enthusiastic support of the anonymous writer whom you quote. There is no question that such a society as you suggest would find a large following and a fallow-field.

Indeed, it may interest you to know that such an organization is at the moment seriously being considered by a group of what we may call established radicals in the arts. Do invite a further discussion of the topic through the medium of your publication.

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM.

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A Needed Amendment

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

The next congress should not fail, whatever its other duties may be, to amend the statute known as the Mann Act, so as to prevent what is not exactly an evasion of that commendable law, but what amounts to the same thing. Carefully studied, it appears that the

law does not forbid women enticing men from one state to another, or as they would prefer to have it phrased, inviting men living in one state to visit them in their own state.

The offense which congress intended to denounce is immoral converse conducted across state lines; and it is obvious that such immorality is as well committed by the enticement of a man, as by the enticement of a woman.

I bring this to the attention of your public spirited journal in order that the law may be amended so as to fully cover the whole evil.

ELMER CHUBB, LL.D., Ph.D.

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Organized Money

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

In your issue of March 14th, under the caption, "The Fight on the League," you use this language: "Where are the autocracies in the League? What monarchs of nations in the League sway those nations? What does the monarch amount to in Great Britain, Italy, Japan? All this talk about our being at the mercy of monarchs is twaddle, infantile if not imbecile."

As usual in so much of your editorial work, you have mistaken the shadow



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for the substance. The Idealist rarely contemplates the real substance of things. We will admit that it is but the "shadow" of a monarch that fills the British throne—or for that matter that of Italy or Japan, but back of this "shadow" is the hydra-headed form of organized money—the most sinister organism in all the world—that holds in the hollow of its hand the prosperity or the misery and degradation of every man upon this earth through its absolute control of the circulating medium (gold) of the entire world. At its smile men are, at its frown they cease to be. The monarchs of the countries named are really "jokes," but the power that keeps them there and uses them as a mask is no joke. The power of the most absolute monarch that ever levied toll along the highway of civilization is the power of a pigmy compared with the power exercised by organized money. There is nothing to stay its hand, be-

cause there is no sense of personal responsibility. Everything outside of its own immediate and personal interests in the actual present counts as dust in the balance. Let me repeat it and let it sink deep—the greatest force on this earth is organized money and it presses everywhere around us like the general air.

JAMES T. ROBERTS.

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Wilsonian Theory and Practice

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

It may interest you to know that in 1907, in his "Constitutional Government in the United States"—which you ought to reread—Mr. Wilson wrote:

"Of one of the greatest of the President's powers I have not yet spoken at all: his control, which is very absolute, of the foreign relations of the nation. The initiative in foreign affairs which the President possesses without any re-

striction whatever, is virtually the power to control them absolutely. The President cannot conclude a treaty with a foreign power without the consent of the Senate, but he may guide every step of diplomacy—and to guide diplomacy is to determine what treaties must be made, if the faith and prestige of the Government are to be maintained. He need disclose no step of negotiation until it is complete, and when, in any critical matter, it is completed, the Government is virtually committed. Whatever its disinclination, the Senate may feel itself committed also."

His acts in office are consistent with his theory prior to taking office: both despotic, ruthless of public opinion and regardless of constitutional limitations necessary to prevent the executive from usurping the powers of an absolute monarch. He is due for a sad awakening.

FRANGIPANI.



A Lunar Lacuna

New York, March 16, 1919.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I find that when copying Prof. Alifax's tables—"A Conspectus From the Moon"—printed in the MIRROR of March 14, I omitted a cipher at the end of each of the figures representing ton-miles per railroad wage earner. Those of your readers who are interested in the compilation may wish to make the correction, although the error, fortunately, did not affect the comparison between the several years.

ERNEST VULCANSON.



Recent Reading

By Edwin Hutchings

Everyone who is old enough ought to read H. L. Mencken. Not that there is anything deadly in him, only that he is likely to be misunderstood by one who has not read everything else,—superficial observation makes him seem so diabolically esoteric. His new book, "In Defense of women," is really one of the most entertaining things on the vaudeville circuit, and ought to be so received, with all the respect due to good entertainment. If the mature reader will take a few drinks, of the sort that leads a man to buy the Woolworth building from a gentleman whose name he cannot afterwards clearly recall, this book will appear to bulge with wisdom. Mr. Mencken is himself a distinguished critic, and a discerning. He knows the value of the unusual. To do a thing in the ordinary way arrests the attention of no one.

Mencken made some rather unusual preparation for this *tour de force*. He says he worked as a reporter in a police court to improve his prose. This is not quite the same as studying anatomy in an abattoir, but approaches it. And, as for knowledge, no man could possibly know all that he appears to know, even with due allowance for his familiarity with Freud, Weininger and the rest. Moreover, he concedes that his book and that by Sir Almroth Wright are the only two of the kind in the world that show even a superficial desire

to be honest, and he inclines the reader to the same admission. For such is the seductive and intriguing force of the inverted platitudes and perverted epigrams that make up much of the 218 pages which Philip Goodman has put between covers for Mr. Mencken. It is a pungent, plangent production, and the title is one of the cleverest parts of it. For it is no more a defense of women than it is a condemnation of the whole race. Just at the moment when any reader, of either sex or any vocation, is puffing up with appreciation of the raw

praise, the jab comes. But it renders service in ridiculing a lot of human follies, and deftly introduces a lot of things that everybody believes and nobody commonly says—in polite society.

It is needless to make any comparisons with Shaw, Chesterton, or any other writer whom Mencken vaguely suggests, and equally wasteful of space to discuss matters of taste, for Mencken here gives no evidence that he has any. There is something basically wrong with the man who observes all of the conventions until a dinner is just about

over, and then heaves a custard pie at his *vis-à-vis*.



The Bobbs-Merrill Company has issued for Samuel Merwin the second book of his "Henry" trilogy—for a third is promised, dealing with the loose threads left flying in "Henry is Twenty."

There are Henrys everywhere, fortunately not many in any one place. "Among the normal, healthy, unhurt fingers of the world, Henry is a sore thumb. He can't fit into the world's conventional handclasp without getting



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Our Costume Salon

For afternoon, street and daytime wear in general, we have some lovely new Spring Frocks to show you, madame. They are decidedly feminine in style and captivate by their very variableness. (There are hardly ever any two alike in our costume salon, you know.)

☐ Radiant sunshiny days are now so near at hand, when wraps and winter-woven apparel will feel burdensome, and then milady will wish for one of these—

☐ *Crisp Taffetas, in Quaint Styles of Yesterday—Pussy Willow and Satin Foulards, Chiffons, Georgettes and the lovely and almost indestructible Voiles that have charm and good sense both to commend them.*

☐ The style creators of these latest gowns have evidently used draped, tunic and straight effects with one end in view—to give the figure graceful lines and greater slenderness.

☐ Sleeves come in the new short three-quarter, as well as the full lengths, which are extremely long and rather tight. As to collars, some frocks haven't any at all, while others have smart bits of lace, georgette and batiste fashioned in new ways of daintiness.

Third Floor.

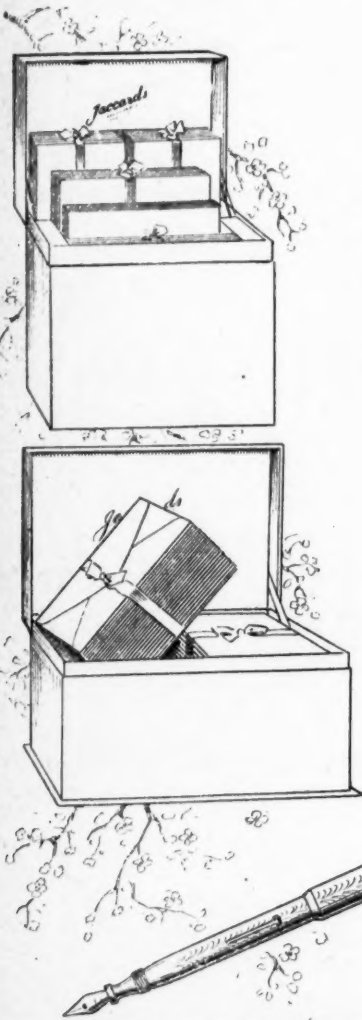
☐ Printed materials are beautiful with designs in dainty flowers, dots, checks, plaids and stripes and the charming little Chippendale prints that every woman admires.

☐ Many gowns are of georgette and organdy, others are of georgette and chiffon combined, but the smartest of all are of beaded georgette over the printed silks—the beading carrying out the printed design.

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Expert Optical Service

that we think we have really seen them in print.

At twenty, *Henry* is a writer on a weekly paper in a small college town near Chicago, and earning approximately nine dollars a week. The time is in the middle 'nineties, when nine dollars would purchase some things. If there is a streak of gray in your hair, you will recognize how neatly Merwin has characterized the period, — Anthony Hope, "Wang," Gilbert and Sullivan, "Solomon Levi," Kipling as a popular fad, the tandem bicycle and the song that made it famous, the current slang and the prevailing little fetiches of "*fin de siècle*" culture, all give truth to the picture.

Henry gets innocently tangled up with every girl who appears on his horizon, and feels the tragic remorse that afflicts every sensitive youth, and gets himself desperately misunderstood in ways that to him are unavoidable, and makes his best friend earnestly desire to wring his neck, and is disorderly and usually futile and generally at outs with his world. He hates conflict, and he invites it at every opportunity. He just can't do things when he ought to, nor in the ordinary way. But he is inspired at times. And when the old man cuts him off from the paper, he turns out a flood of copy that hits the fancy of a successful publisher, after its publication in a rival local sheet has nearly wrecked the social and political fabric of the town; and this publisher gives him a weekly retaining fee and buys his stories besides, and heads him in the general direction of success. The girl he has met last accepts him, too.

It is a commendably entertaining book, poignant, piercing, palpitant. Possibly there are not enough people in the world who are at once unconventionally minded and sympathetic with aberrancy to make such a work a popular success—but one never knows. One can only hope that it may reach those who are weary of the machine-made hero and can appreciate a work of subtlety and finesse.

E. K. Means has hit upon a novel manner of attracting attention and comment. His collection of negro stories, issued by Putnam's Sons, bears no title, but there is a somewhat maladroit announcement under his name on the first page: "Is this a title? It is not. It is the name of a writer of negro stories, who has made himself so completely *the* writer of negro stories that his book needs no title."

Be that as it may, under this modest banner the author makes a pretty fair conquest. Eight stories, most of them longer than the material warrants, are gathered together: "The Late Figger Bush," "Hoodoo Eyes," "The Art of Enticing Labor," "The Cruise of the Mud Hen," "Two Sorry Sons of Sorrow," "Monarch of the Manacle," "All is Fair" and "Hoodoo Face." Like some other dealers in such merchandise, the author places his best goods in the front window. The first tale bubbles with humor, and is a finely drawn picture of the older-time negro at his best and worst, but in his more genial and lovable moments. The other tales are chiefly of

New Fur Neckpieces



FURS change their styles with the season and for Spring an entirely new neckpiece has been designed.

They are for wear with tailed frocks and suits and might be called "Choker Neckpieces," for they are worn close about the throat. The unusual part is that they are of the whole animal, so that they are fur on both sides, not opened and lined in the usual way.

"Les petites animaux," such as the mink sable or stone marten and Kolinsky, are used in these scarfs, and one little animal is joined to another in a straight narrow way—usually three animals to a scarf. These are so different from the usual broad scarfs and capes, that they offer a delightful novelty.

(Third Floor.)

STIX, BAER & FULLER
GRAND-LEADER

hurt. He stands away from his fellows because he knows pain lies in closer contact. And he will always be a sore thumb. . . . He will arrive, however, and because of it, but he will go along the solitary path that is set apart for non-conformists. He will succeed, but alone. . . . He will never settle down into any organization and make good by submitting to discipline. For him, as he is made, that would mean hopeless spiritual defeat. Is there a community so small that it doesn't harbor a Henry? And isn't he always misunderstood by his contemporaries?" Clearly, there must be many misunderstood Henrys, and many that are sympathetically understood, for the public has followed this one through the magazine that carried the episodes, to the surprise of Mr. Merwin. For, as the author points out, the boy is not a popular hero, not even any kind of hero.

If the world has many Henrys, not all have the good points of *Henry Calverly III*. He exasperates everyone he comes in contact with—but how he can write when the fire is in him! And Mr. Merwin does not resort to the sordid trick so common in novels, that of describing a character as surpassingly brilliant in repartee or speech, or marvelous in writing, and then leaving the reader breathlessly gasping for examples; he risks giving us specimens, and so cleverly describes the remainder

conflict, of violence, of fear and terror, and of things that would be dishonest if white men did them. Not in these more sinister manifestations of the negro's character lies his interest or his charm for the reader.

Kemble illustrates the book, in the same inimitable way that was his away back in the 'eighties.



Marts and Money

They have an irregular and rather reactionary market in little old Wall street. There's heavy profit-taking in prominent quarters, notwithstanding spectacular performances in some volatile issues which are customarily getting active only after the main upward movement has drawn to a close.

One of the star attractions, lately, was Industrial Alcohol, the price of which was jerked up about twenty-two points on rumors that the company had secured a new, highly promising invention. Since there is but little of this stock floating about in Wall street offices, depressionistic traders are easily scared into covering their short contracts as soon as the manipulators put on the screws. The current quotation is 140. This compares with a low point of 93 3/4 in January. The absolute maximum—171 1/2—was established in 1917. The yearly dividend rate is \$16.

There was a deal doing, also in the last few days, in motor and oil shares, the most sensational feature being Texas Oil, with Mexican Petroleum a good second for a little while. In the motor group, General Motors, Maxwell and Studebaker registered gains of five to nine points. In interested circles, it is staunchly affirmed that the next few months will see important improvement in the automobile industry, and that there is more than a possibility that agreeable surprises may be in store for shareholders before December 31. Maxwell Motor first preferred, on which payments were suspended January 1, 1919, was hoisted to 69 3/8 during the sensational bulge. Last year's low point was 42 3/8. Studebaker shows a rise from 33 3/8 to 65 since 1918. Steel common acts rather tamely, though it managed to touch 98 the other day, a new top for 1919. The present quotation is 95 1/2. It would seem that the stock still suffers from the effects of the Corporation's statement for February, which disclosed another material contraction—one of 673,481 tons—in the total of unfilled orders as of February 28. The aggregate of 6,010,787 tons compared with 9,288,453 tons on the corresponding date in 1918. It implies a shrinkage of about 50 per cent since the setting of the absolute maximum in the latter part of 1917.

The proposed steel conference, which was to be held at Washington a few days ago, has been scheduled for this week, owing to the sickness of Elbert H. Gary. The *Iron Age* declares that "there's general willingness to follow the Government's lead." According to trustworthy information, new business, so far in March, has been about 20 per cent of producing capacity. Additional contraction is looked for in April. The *Iron Trade Review* informs us that price

cutting is regarded as certain, and "the holding back of orders, except where guarantees against declines are given, is the natural result." The iron and steel industry being of barometric character, it's not to be wondered at that Wall street should once more have fallen into a reflective mood as to the general position and outlook.

Leading copper stocks depreciated one or two points when it leaked out that the directors of the Calumet & Hecla Mining Co. "had taken no action in regard to a dividend" at their regular quarterly meeting. Shareholders received \$60 in 1918. The quotation for the stock receded \$51 on the unpleasant news. The current price of 350 denotes a decline of \$120 when compared with the high record attained in 1918. In 1916, the top-mark was 640. As much as 1000 was paid in the panic year of 1907. The company is one of the greatest and oldest copper producers in the world. It was incorporated in 1871, in Michigan. Stock exchange observers feel that the copper trade must be in a pretty bad position if the Calumet & Hecla directors are averse to disbursing dividends. The point is well taken. The state of things is, indeed, a good deal worse than it has been in many years. Somebody remarked, the other day, that dealers in odd lots of stock reported substantial gains in their business, but the rank and file paid hardly any attention to the subject. Faith in the intelligence of purchasers of fragmentary lots has weakened decidedly in recent years, though it is conceded that the little fellows did mighty well in 1907 and 1908.

Quotations for railroad issues continue to sag and drag, in spite of rather confident talk that the "mess" made by the senatorial filibuster will soon be satisfactorily solved. The street's *on-dit* now has it that the latest conferences of Washington officials and New York financiers resulted in the following recommendations: (1) That the War Finance Corporation extend aid to companies of poor credit; (2) that the Director-General issue short-term notes or warrants to the companies for amounts due them, such paper to constitute collateral for loans, and (3) that the companies contract such loans as they may be able to secure at fair rates. Incidentally, it was disclosed that trade acceptances rediscounted through the Federal Reserve Bank may be used to pay bills due equipment companies, the sum total of which is placed at \$183,681,965.

Intimations that President Wilson may return to Washington in May and immediately call Congress in extra session had a tonic influence on Wall street minds, but no striking constructive effects marketwise. On the Cotton Exchange, the boys had a day or two of delirious doings on talk that peace was near and that Germany and Austria would soon be buying great quantities of cotton at tall prices. Quotations were rushed up one hundred to one hundred and fifty points. When enthusiasm was at its height, a cable from Liverpool brought the information that in authoritative quarters hopes of an early signing of the peace treaty had been abandoned. The immediate outcome was

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Put the saving idea into your employes' heads, for your own sake as well as theirs. The thrift habit will soon reflect itself in their daily business attitude. The man with a Mercantile savings account is more efficient, more earnest. He worries less. He has more pride and self-respect. He is less apt to become dissatisfied or restless. He *sticks* and becomes more and more valuable to you as the years go by.

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another perpendicular slump in cotton prices. These surely are feverish, fretful days on the exchanges. Now you see it, now you don't! Cotton planters, we are told, are sitting tight, and determined to get their own prices for their products. Their avarice is titillated

by predictions that Germany alone will purchase one million bales at the first chance. The New York quotation for March cotton is 28.30 at this moment. This implies an advance of \$7.75 a bale since March 8.

Quotations for bonds still reflect liqui-



8 NIGHTS—2 MATINEES—BEGINNING
SUNDAY NIGHT, MARCH 23RD.

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MOST BRILLIANT
MUSICAL COMEDY,

FIDDLERS THREE

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RIALTO GRAND, 15c
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Matinee 2:30; Evenings 6:30 and 8:45.

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First time of Martin Johnson's "CAPTURED BY CANNIBALS."

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STARTING MONDAY AT 11 A. M. AND ALL WEEK.

The 1919 Winter Garden Revue with Faye O'Neill, Earl Miller and the Watson Sisters. Others on the bill are Raymond Bond and Elizabeth Shirley, Wood, Young and Phillips, Sullivan and Myers, Patrick and Otto, White Brothers, Sandy McPherson, Fields and La Adella, and Mons. Herbert.

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BEAUTIFUL PROGRAM

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Saint Louis

dation on a considerable scale. The chief depressing factors are (1) the forthcoming \$5,000,000,000 loan; (2) the uncertain monetary outlook, and (3) the political and social unrest throughout the world. There's more or less questioning as to whether all the unfavorable things have already been discounted. What George W. Perkins (now in France) had to say about conditions in Europe, the other day, furnished mighty interestin' readin' to financial folks. Nor was there anything at all comforting in the reported opinion of the President of the National City Bank, Frank A. Vanderlip, who also commented on matters European. There was food for hard thinking also in the further advance in

exchange on Paris, which is quoted at 5.58 francs at present, or at the highest point in about a year. Parity is 5.18%. A maturing French loan is doubtless responsible for at least part of the movement. But even so, we are anew reminded of the unprecedented disorder in finances in Europe. On the Paris Bourse, prices tended downward lately. But here comes Postmaster-General Burluson with the delectable news that January and February postal revenues greatly surpassed the average increase for the past thirty years, and he bravely insists that this must be considered a sure sign of coming industrial prosperity. So be game, and look cheerful, please.

Finance in St. Louis

In the local market for securities, quotations are pretty well maintained at or around their previous levels. The increasing number of "firm spots" is a dependable sign that absorptive power is growing slowly but surely. Dividend-paying issues are not extravagantly priced, even though in some cases the net yield be only 6 per cent or even less than that. In studying values, thought must be taken not only of actual dividend rates, but also of real earning power. Brokers report bettering demand for first-class bonds. Investors are eager for municipals netting 4¾ per cent or over; likewise for first-class railroad and industrial issues netting not less than 6 per cent. At any rate, it is apparent to every shrewd observer that the supplies of surplus funds are considerably larger than has been suspected in recent months.

♦

Latest Quotations

	Bid	Asked
Merchants-Laclede Nat.....	250	270
Nat. Bank of Commerce.....	128 ½
Mercantile Trust	345
Mississippi Valley Trust.....	290
St. Louis Union Trust.....	300
United Railways pfd.....	12 7/8
do 4s	49 ¾	50 ¼
Louisville Home Tel. 5s.....	92 ½
Ely & Walker com.....	104
International Shoe com.....	105 ½	106
do pfd.....	109	110
Brown Shoe pfd.....	99 ¾	100 ½
Hydraulic P. Brick com.....	4
do pfd.....	30	35
American Bakery com.....	16 ½	22
St. L. Brewing Assn. 6s.....	65	75
Ind. Brew. 1st pfd.....	4 ¾
do 6s	48
National Candy com.....	73 ½	73 ¾

♦

Answers to Inquiries

QUESTION, Springfield, Ill.—American Marconi is quoted at 4¾. It has not fluctuated widely in the last two years, the extreme being 5¼ and 2¾. Par value is \$5. Dividends are paid at irregular intervals. Holders will receive 25 cents on July 1. They received the same rate last year. The 1918 report shows noteworthy expansion in earnings. The surplus was \$711,841, after charges, equal to 35 cents a share. Taken all in all, the financial position is satisfactory, though hardly such as to justify hopes of an extensive improvement in the stock's value.

H. F. L., Macon, Mo.—(1) Better retain your Wilson & Co. stock. It is cleverly handled, and should make a good move by and by. (2) Phillip Morris, when issued, is rated at 11. Management is ambitious, and expected to imitate the Tobacco Products Co. I don't think you need be in a hurry to sell, unless you feel satisfied with a modest profit.

J. D. Y., Frankfort, Ky.—(1) American Woolen common seems reasonably valued at 66, the present figure, in view of the \$5 per annum and the extra \$10 lately declared. With earnings exceptionally large, the regular dividend can hardly be claimed to be in danger of a cut in the next twelve months, in the absence of a serious turn for the worse in general conditions. Of course, if you have a respectable profit, you ought to take it and run your chances on getting the stock back at a lower level, say at about 57. One should never make the mistake of feeling too deeply impressed with the results of a bull movement.

(2) General Motor 6 per cent debenture cannot be said to be an unusual bargain at 89, but the gang in control knows a few things about methods of luring the public. So it is not wholly improbable that the price may be raised to 95 before long.

STOCKHOLDER, St. Louis.—(1) Bank of Commerce should be held, not sold. Increase your holdings in case of a relapse to 120. Stock has been accumulated for some time. (2) If you bought for a long-range speculation, you might just as well stick to your Sinclair Gulf certificate. (3) If you have a fair profit on your Consolidated Gas, cash in, and repeat the operation as soon as the opportunity presents itself. Wall street will see to it that you are given another chance. Be sure of that.

LONE STAR, Dallas, Tex.—(1) Let Dome Mines alone for the present. The quoted value of 12¼ is not particularly alluring. There's no necessity for looking about for paper of this or a similar kind when the market is glutted with desirable issues paying substantial dividends. Many a speculator has made the discovery that there's more peril in buying stock selling at less than \$20 than there is in buying those quoted at higher figures. (2) As to averaging on Chino Copper—bide your time.

W. W. J., Stamford, Conn.—Colorado Industrial 5 per cent bonds are a speculative investment. They come after the Colorado Fuel & Iron general 5s, of which the outstanding amount is \$5,715,000. They fall due in August, 1934. Some years ago, they sold at 85 and above. The Colorado F. & I. general mortgage 5s should suit your purposes much better.

♦♦♦

Coming Shows

Every visit of the inimitable Harry Lauder to the United States is the occasion for introducing a new program of Scotch songs. Among the comedian's new offerings when he shall appear at the Shubert-Jefferson the first half of next week, will be a number written during his sojourn in France, but, curiously enough, with one exception, his "Peace Song," these melodies express the joy and comedy of life instead of the sadness and heartache of the battlefield. "If I could not make the soldier laddies laugh I would have felt myself a failure," says Lauder. And he did make them laugh, and he put a new hope and faith in many a lonely boy's heart. Lauder comes, as always, it is announced, to make his public laugh, but mingled with the mirth there is more than one bit of real human sentiment that will get close to the heart.

Richard Walton Tully's new production, the merry comedy, "Keep Her Smiling," with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in the stellar roles, will be the attraction at the Shubert-Jefferson for three days beginning Thursday evening, March 27, with a matinee on Saturday. This production comes from a long run in Chicago, which in turn followed long engagements in New York and Boston, and will have the same cast of over twenty excellent players. Mr. Drew plays a character similar to those in which he has made so great a success in the picture field, but in this instance he has the assistance of the spoken word to bring the character home to the spectator with absolute fidelity. Never have Mrs. Drew's beauty and charm been displayed to better advantage than in this return to the legitimate speaking stage. "Keep Her Smiling" is the work of John Hunter Booth, author of "The Masquerader," who founded his comedy on the series of stories by Edgar Franklin in the *Saturday Evening Post*. The

play is in three acts, with its scenes laid in New York and a nearby suburb.

"Fiddlers Three," coming to the American Theater next week, is said to be a rare bit of music and an unusually well-played comedy. It is a delightful romantic operetta, with a story of charm and a dialogue rich in wit and humor. Tavia Belge, the prima donna, has a voice of great range and sweetness seldom heard outside of grand opera. Since her first American appearance at the Cort Theater in New York last summer she has gathered a large following of music lovers. Hal Skelley is a comedian who "delivers," and he is more than "assisted" by Louise Groody with her sprightly and graceful dancing. There are also Josephine Intropodi, Echlin Gayer, Henry Leone, Joseph Miller, Cora Mayo, and Layman and King, with their unusual dancing that borders on the sensational, and Thomas Conkey, whose baritone voice is of rare quality.

Lieut. Pat O'Brien, the Royal Flying Corps ace who was shot out of his machine during an air battle at a height of 8,000 feet and taken prisoner by the Germans, will tell how he made his escape from that imprisonment in a crisply anecdotal monologue at the Orpheum Theater twice daily during the week of March 24. It took Lieut. O'Brien to get back from Germany to civilization 250 days, sleeping in mud in the day time and traveling half-starved by night. He fought with Canadian, French, English and American air men, and earned the soubriquet of "Smiling Pat," and his story is the one he told George V of England soon after his return to the allied army. Other numbers include Henry "Squidgulum" Lewis in the "Laugh Shop"; Emma Haig and Lou Lockett in original songs and dances of 1919; "For Pity's Sake," with Thomas Dupay, a travesty on the old melodrama; comedienne premier, Lillian Fitzgerald, in "Imitating Imitated"; the Randalls, expert marksmen, in "Seventeen Minutes in Arizona"; Rupp and Linden, favorites of the Great Lakes Review, in a comic nautical sketch, "Leave It to the Marines"; Degnon and Clifton, novelty artists, and the Travelogue showing gorgeous tropical birds and the wonderful grotto of Halong Bay, Tonkin, China.

At the Columbia next week Robert Sherman will offer Fred Howard and associate players in "Pinched," a comedy playlet by Whitney Collins. It is a sketch sufficiently shaded with sentiment occasionally to relieve the wholesome humor, showing a rural justice under charges in the morals court of Chicago. Other numbers will be the Cromwells, in a whirlwind juggling; the marvelous De Onzos, in a sensational spectacular novelty; Pauline Haggard, "Slightly Different," and Richards and Harris, singing and dancing novelty. There will be two pictures extraordinary, Tom Moore in "A Man and His Money," and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in "Once a Mason," and other meritorious films.

The 1919 Winter Garden Revue will be the big feature of next week's Grand Opera House bill. Faye O'Neill, Earl Miller and the Watson Sisters are the stars of a group of tastily costumed singing and dancing beauties, rendering specialties in three colorful scenes. Raymond Bond and Elizabeth Shirley will present a homespun comedy entitled "Remnants." Wood, Young and Phillips will serve a pot pourri of song and story. Sullivan and Myers will contribute a sketch called "How It Happened." Other good numbers will be Patrick and Otto, "Two Soldiers of (Mis) Fortune"; White brothers, "The Tip-Top Boys"; Sandy McPherson, eccentric Scotch comedian; Fields and La Adelia, "The Janitor and the Maid"; Mons. Herbert, "The Musical Waiter"; the Animated Weekly, Mutt and Jeff, and Sunshine Comedies, Town Topics and Ditmar's Animated pictures.

A Cruel One

The hostess, who was at least forty-five, was a clinging, temperamental piece of femininity who tried to pass herself off as thirty, and apparently imagined that being rude and tomboyish assisted her to sustain the youthful il-

lusion. At dinner she asked the doctor to carve a chicken and, never having carved a fowl before, he made a mess of it. Instead of trying to cover his confusion his hostess called attention to it pointedly by looking down the table and saying audibly: "Well, doctor, you may be a very clever surgeon, but if I wanted a leg cut off I should not come to you to do it." "No, madam," he replied, still continuing the carving, "but then, you see, you are no chicken."

"Yes, sir, small men certainly do great things." "Yes, they are almost equaled by the ability of great men to do small things."—*Life*.

"She's up to her neck in war work, isn't she?" "Oh, yes, but she's standing on her head most of the time."—*Life*.

A professor of history met one of his class who had returned from fighting on the western front and asked him if he had learned any particular lesson from the war. "I have discovered," replied the young man, "that it is a great deal easier studying history than it is making it."

A Seer

Pat had lost an eye in battle. When he got out of the hospital and went back to the front he got into an argument with an English soldier. "I'll bet," he said, "that I can see more with my one eye than you can with your two." "Prove it." "Well, I can see two eyes in your face and you can only see one in mine."

Man (at telephone)—What! Line still busy? Why, great cats, I've been trying to get that number for half an hour. *Central (sweetly)*—It's a party line, you know. *Man (wildly)*—Party nothing! It's a convention line!—*Buffalo Express*.

The sweet young thing was asking questions. "What are those ships?" she inquired. "Them's men-of-war," replied the old salt. "Oh! and what are the little ones just in front?" "Them's just tugs." "Oh, yes, of course; tugs-of-war. I've heard of them."—*Tit-Bits*.

Immediately after the Zeebrugge raid the proprietor of a public-house in Dover displayed a placard outside his house, bearing the words, "Naval raid on Zeebrugge."

A sailor, noticing the wrongly-spelled word, dropped in, called for a drink, and said to the proprietor: "You've got that word 'Zeebrugge' spelled wrong."

"Have I?" said the proprietor. "Well, you're the fortieth man that has called in to tell me so and none of them were teetotallers, so I think I'll let it stand as it is."—*Tit-Bits*.

Mistress—Can you prepare any foreign dishes, Nora? *New Cook*—Sure I can, mum—French pays, Spanish inyons, and Oirish pitaties.—*New York Globe*.

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 IN NEW SONGS AND OLD FAVORITES
 Company of International Artists—Prices \$2.00-50c, All Performances.

3 DAYS ONLY BEGINNING THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 27 MATINEE SATURDAY
 RICHARD WALTON TULLY Presents
Mr. and Mrs. SIDNEY DREW
 APPEARING PERSONALLY IN A SPOKEN PLAY,
"KEEP HER SMILING"
 Direct From the Astor Theater, New York
 WITH THE ORIGINAL CAST AND PRODUCTION
 EVENING, \$2.00-50c. SATURDAY MATINEE, \$1.50-50c.

SUPREME
Orpheum
 VAUDEVILLE

2:15—TWICE TO-DAY—8:15
CLIFTON CRAWFORD
 Mme. Doree's Celebrities
 Bert Fitzgibbon
 "All for Democracy"
 Rae Ball & Bro.—The Falls
 Venita Gould—DeWolf Girls
 MATS. 15c to 50c—EVES. 15c to \$1.00

GAYETY 14th & Locust MATINEE DAILY LADIES 10c
Watson & Cohan and The "Girls-De-Looks"
 Next Week—"Star and Garter Show."

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 DAILY—11 TO 11
 TWO SHOWS—ONE ADMISSION
 150 Minutes of Fun
VIOLA NAPP & CO.
 Richard Milloy & Wm. Keough
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Schepp's Comedy Circus
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KAY LAUREL
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Walnut Ninth-S. W. Corner
Olive 4822 Central 3006



With all these appetizing foods for a chummy little lunch, what will you serve to drink?

The host or hostess must not forget the rarest treat of all



the distinctive creation to serve with salads, rarebit, lobster or sandwiches. Bevo is the thirst-quenching beverage that just fits in with any after-the-theatre party or where occasion demands a midnight supper.

Bevo is sold everywhere

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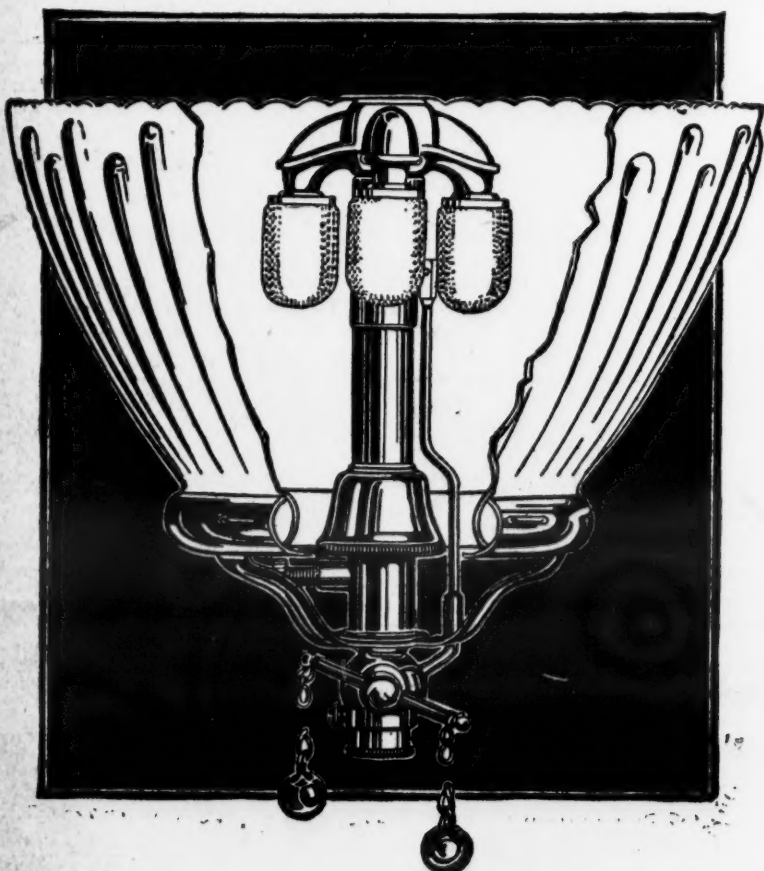
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